The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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The Penn'a railroad now has the Reading under its thumb.

The grand jury of Huntingdon county ast week passed a remonstrance against the granting of licenses in that county.

The Republicaus of Centre Hall seem to be sharper than some of the Democra'ts—they duped the latter into giving them the long term offices.

A newspaper clam is a publisher who works for nothing and pays for the privilege.—*Daily Patriot.*

And a meaner clam is he who seeks an office and expects the newspaper to write him up, print his tickets, etc., and not want to pay for it.

If the Republican Senate succeeded in its fight against President Cleveland to prevent him removing Republican office holders and Democrats p'ay into the hands of Republicans to give them the local offices, then the Republicans would have all. And that's just what some foolish Democrats are trying to do. You never catch Republicans acting the doughface when it comes to offices.

The lumber shipments from Williamsport for the past year amounted to over 200,000 000 feet, the total production for the year having been over 225,000,000 The total shipments for the year from this valley reached about 300,000,000 feet. The stock remaining on hand at the beginntng of the year was over 175,000,000 feet. The stock to be put in this winter will not be quite as large as that of last winter, but the outlook for the lumber trade is regarded as good.

General Hancock's body will rest in his native State and town, in the Norristown Cemetery, where his kindred are buried. The funeral took place on Saturday, and in accordence with the wishes of Mrs. Hancock was divested of any military parade or civic pomp. The service of the Episcopal church was read over the body in Trinity church, New York, Saturday morning, and the remains arrived at Norristown, via Philadelphia, at 3 in the afternoon. A small guard of honor from the garrison at Governor's Island accompanied the remains.

The strike in the coke regions west of the Alleghenies, is pinching the iron furnaces. The restriction in the production of coke, the result of the great strike, it is said is causing furnace men to offer almost any price for that much wanted article. The supply has been almost exhausted, and iron men are willing to pay more from the fact that many furnaces cannot be banked at the present time without serious loss. Some furnaces if banked would be ruined, and could not be put in blast again for less than four months, and the expenses would be considerable.

The Pennsylvania railroad seems at last to have got hold of the Reading. The Pennsylvania Railroad Directors at their meeting, a few days ago, took action defining the position of the company in relation to the organization of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company. The views of the company were embodied in the form of a letter addressed to Messrs. John L. Welsh and J. Pierrepont Morgan, and set forth that while the Pennsylvania Railroad, as a company, would take no part in the transaction of the syndicate, it would extend its aid and co-operation to the furtherance of any plan intended to create more amicable relations among the competing lines of railway.

The *Record* says: The syndicate which is to effect the reorganization of the Reading Railroad property is also to take under its protecting care the leading anthracite coal companies. The Reading is also to be a partner in the gigantic combination, which is to be formed for the purpose of sustaining prices. An attempt is to be made by the same parties to maintain prices for soft coal, and to control the shipments from the Clearfield region. The syndicate is represented as having a capital of $50,000,000, and is seeking the business of reorganizing bankrupt railroad properties. The syndicate is to be enlarged, so that capitalists who have been unable to find as profitable methods for investing their money can become partners. A prominent railway official stated that the terms of peace with the Pennsylvania would be at a severe cost to the Reading. The latter is to be shorn of everything of value and made a local line, running up the Schuylkill valley with a tonnage of anthracite coal, such as the Pennsylvania Co. would agree to give it under the new deal.

THE CASE SETTLED.

The controversy between the President and the Senate, says the Morning *Patriot*, is not afterall without precedent. It is true that the subject never came up before in exactly the same shape, but the question of the President's right to withhold from the Senate a paper in his possession has been determined by judicial powers, as well as by competent legal authority.

Greenleaf in his treatise on Eyidence, Section 250-251, says: "Every Department of the Government has its secrets of State which is not merely its right but its duty to withhold." Pending the trial of Aaron Burr, the President, Thomas Jefferson, was called on to produce a paper in his possession, which he refused to surrender. Application was made to Chief-Justice Marshall for compulsory process. He refused to issue the process and said that "the propriety of withholding it must be decided by himself, not by any other for him," and added "of the weight of the reasons for producing it he is himself the judge."

During the riot bribery trial in this State an effort was made to compel the Governor to produce before the Grand Jury certain documents on file in the Executive Department. The Supreme Court held in an opinion by Judge Gordon that the Executive Department is a co-ordinate branch of the Government, with power to judge what should or should not be done within its own department, and what of its own communications should or should not be kept secret. This cumulation of testimony that Judge Edmund's partisan bigotry made an ass of him may account for his recent indisposition.

The boro' of Centre Hall is without a Democratic organization, and the offices were handed over to the Republicans by some dickering Democrats on a silver platter like the head of John the Baptist. The Republicans even were given the long term offices, with the tail end for a sop to duped Democrats.

The Democrats have now a good chance, in fact the points are in their favor, of making the Senate Democratic before the close of President Cleveland's term, if no new states are admitted with Republican Senators. Senator Miller, of California, is now lying fatally ill, and on his death Governor Stoneman will of course appoint a Democrat to the vacancy, and the Democracy also hold the State Legislature. It will then require but three more seats in the United States Senate to make a tie, and but four more to give the Democrats a majority. Mahone, who has acted with the Republicans, will be displaced by a Daniels, a Democrat, in the next Congress. Upon the expiration of Senator Harrison's term a Democrat will succeed him.

A Senator will probably be gained either in New York, New Jersey or Connecticut, or it is possible that all three of these Democratic States will have a Democratic Senator before President Cleveland goes out of office. Riddleberger is very shaky, and is awaiting an opportunity to get even with the Republicans for their shabby treatment of him recently. He is liable to jump over into the Democratic fold at any time. On the other hand the term of Senator Fair, of Nevada, will expire with the close of the present Congress, and as the Legislature of the State is now Republican, that party may be able to gain from the Democrats in that direction, and thus offset losses on the Atlantic Slope. In the meantime the Democrats do not propose to throw awsy any chances by admitting Dakota.

A DEADLY VENDETTA.

Four Families Exterminated with Rifle and Shotgun from Ambush and in the Dark.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 12.—The recent arrest of Tom Russell, in Carbondale, Jackson county, Ill., has revived interest in the most bloody vendetta ever fought in this country which resulted in the almost complete extermination of four powerful families. Russel is now held on two indictments for murder in the first degree, which have been pending ten years.

Among the prominent farmilies of farmers living in the western portion of Williamson county, Ill., in 1872, were the Russels, Bulliners, Hendersons, Cranes and Sisneys. There were several grown daughters in each family, and trouble between two of these started the feud.

On election day in 1873 the two families had a pitched battle at Craneville, in which two Bulliners and one Russell were wounded. Then the friends of the combatants espoused their cause until a half dozen families were involved on each side. In December, 1873, old man George Bulliner was shot from ambush and killed while on his way to Carbondale. He died calling on his boys to avenge his death. In March, 1874, while David Bulliner, one of the boys, was returning from church with a woman in a buggy, he was shot from a hedge and killed and his companion dangerously wounded.

The families were opposed in this wise: The Russells, Sisneys, Detmores and Hendersons against the Bulliners, Hinchcliffes and Rudds. The score at this point stood two to nothing in favor of the Russels. The night of the 15th of May, while Joseph Henderson was standing on his own door-step, he was shot and killed, and a man named Jacob Detmore wounded. Two days later Detmor was ambushed and killed, thus tieing the score. October 24 Dr. Vincent Hinchcliffe was shot from behind and killed.

One month later Levidus Rudd received a load of buckshot in the side. In January, 1874, G. W. Sisney was shot, but recovered. August 9 he was shot with a rifle, but he again recovered. December 12, 1874, he was at home surrounded by his eight children and a neighbor named James Hindman, when crash went the glass in the window and Sisney fell mortally wounded. Two weeks later John Russell was killed on the streets of Marion, and the year 1875 opened with the Bulliners one ahead. The Sheriff appealed to Governor Beveridge for aid to stop the vendetta.

Warrants were sworn out against a number of the members of all the families concerned. John Bulliner was sent up for life. Two of the Hendersons, one of the Cooks, Coyle and Crane families, were sent to Joliet for long terms. Another of the Cranes was hanged. Tom Russell escaped, but returned a short time ago and was arrested. Nearly all the witnesses against him are dead. The families were nearly decimated, and two graveyards were started in the vicinity as the result of the feud.

HORATIO SEYMOUR DEAD.

The Sage of Deerfield Passes Away After a Brief Illness.

Utica, N. Y., Feb. 12.—Gov. Seymour died this evening at 9:55 o'clock. He passed away quietly without the slightest trace of pain. At 4 o'clock this afternoon it became evident to doctors in attendance that the faint respiration indicated death at an early hour, and members of the family were summoned to the bedside. Among those present besides his sister, Mrs. Roscoe Conkling, at whose house he died, was Dr. Ford his nephew and physicians. The doctor was impressed this morning with the fact that the Governor's symptoms were most alarming. He took scarcely any nourishment, only occasional sips of milk, and his digestion had completely failed. His mind, though generally strong and clear, was at times clouded with delirium.

Late this afternoon his temperature and pulse went up with alarming rapidity. He failed to recognize any one at the bedside. All consciousness was gone. The doctor says he suffered no pain.

At 8:30 the pulse was very high. Save for the ashen color of his face the Governor looked as if asleep.

At 9:30 there was an infusion of blood in the brain, which Dr. Ford said was the process of death in old age. When the hands on the clock stood at 9:55 the Governor breathed his last.

Mrs. Seymour was so prostrated that she had to be carried to and from the room. Those who stood around the death bed were Mrs. Conkling, Mrs. Nelson, the Governor's wife's sister, of New Brunswick, N. J.; John F. Seymour, his brother; Mrs. Lincklean, his sister; Judge Bulger; Horatio Seymour, jr., and Harry S. Miller, nephews of the Governor; Rev. Charles H. Gardner, rector of the Trinity church of which he was a communicant, and Dr. Ford and wife. It is greatly feared that Mrs. Seymour will not survive the terrible shock.

Governor Seymour was born at the village of Pompey, Onondaga county, N. Y., May 31, 1810, so he was just completing his 67th year. Having a strong rugged constitution Mr. Seymour was able to endure great physical and mental strain that would have broken down other men. In the course of his long and eventful life he often had his powers of endurance tested to their utmost capacity.

For nearly thirty years Horatio Seymour occupied a central position in the Democratic party. Strong, self reliant and having all the aggressiveness and courage of a leader, he commanded the respect and admiration of his bitterest foes. No man in the history of American politics retired to private life after a long and honorable public career more universally respected and beloved by the people at large than Horatio Seymour.

FLOODS IN THE WEST.

Alton, Ill., Feb. 13.—A disastrous flood is imminent along the Mississippi. The river is now almost at flood height, but is still frozen solid with the ice gorged in many places clear to the bottom. The Missouri and many similar streams emptying into it are reported breaking up and the same report comes from the northern part of the state—in respect to the streams tributary to the Mississippi and the Illinois. Unless these northern floods are checked by cold weather until the present high water in the Mississippi runs out, a great flood seems imminent. The river here rose nine inches last night and is still rising.

JUDGE WHITE HONORABLY ACQUITTED.

Indiana, Feb. 12.—The matter of the charges against Judge Harry White, ex member of Congress from the Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania district, came up yesterday before Judge Williams, of Tioga county, and Judge White was honorably acquitted. In his opinion, Judge Williams said, the accusations were groundless. There had been no forgery, no falsification of the records, no frauds, nor no offence in law or morals.

A TERRIFIC RISE AT HARRISBURG.

The Susquehanna Higher Than For Many Years—Great Damage Done.

Harrisburg, Feb. 13.—The ice on the Susquehanna broke this morning and in less than an hour afterward the river had risen nine feet. At different points the ice was piled up thirty feet high, and huge cakes were carried over to the Pennsylvania Railroad track, a few miles below the city, necessitating the stopping of all passenger traffic to the East. The passenger trains were taken by way of York, thence to Columbia and points east. All freight traffic on the Penn's railroad, both east and west from this city, has been suspended.

At Steelton the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. are torn up, a number of freight trains remaining where the ice impeded them. So rapidly were the mills and iron works filled with water that it was as much as the workmen could do to escape to high ground.

At Middletown, where the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad run down to Buck Rock, Falmouth, Colins Station, Bainbridge, Schock's Mills and Marietta, the water has reached every building and farm on the low ground, near the bank, tearing away long lengths of railroad track and canal bank and sweeping off with its impetuous rush lumber piles and other loose property. This is the greatest rise of water in the Susquehanna River for many years and the damage will foot up very heavy.

DREARY WASTES OF WATER.

Many Cities and Towns Flooded and Vast Damage Sustained.

Boston, Feb. 13.—The rainfall in this section is almost unprecedented. In this city the fall has been nearly six inches in two days. A vast amount of damage has been done in many parts of New England, and especially to roads and bridges, causing delays to travel. At Foxboro, Mass., the dam at Freeman's Woolen Mill is gone and the mill has been swept away. The Union Straw Works are flooded and Canton Brothers and Bixley's straw works are tottering. At Canton Kingsley's Iron Works, the Washington Mill and Revere Copper Company's works are more or less flooded and in danger of destruction. Outward traffic on the Boston and Providence Railroad is entirely suspended owing to the numerous washouts.

Owing to the bursting of the Stony Brook sewer on Clay street, Boston Highlands, caused the confinement of Stony Brook within too narrow limits, a section of the city, covering an area of half a mile, was overflowed to the depth of from two to three feet, driving the residents into the upper stories and causing a loss of some $100,000. At Peabody the water is four feet deep on Washington street, and the flood is the worst ever known. The loss will reach $50,000.

DANGER AT WILLIAMSPORT.

A Fifteen Foot Flood Liable to Engulf Parts of the City.

Williamsport, Feb. 13.—Rain has fallen almost continuously for the past 24 hours. The tributaries of the Susquehanna are overflowing, and considerable damage has been done. A bad ice gorge has been formed in Lycoming creek, near its mouth, in the Seventh ward of Williamsport, and all the low country in that region is overflowed. In some places the water is five feet deep on the public road. There is also a gorge on Larry's Creek, near Jersey Shore.

At the point where the bridge was carried away during the last big flood a temporary bridge had been put up, and it has gone.

BLASPHEMER'S TERRIBLE DEATH.

The Leader in a Mock Religious Service Died a Raving Maniac.

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 7.—News of a strange and mysterious occurrance at Millersburg, Dauphin county, has been received here. On Thursday morning there was a jovial crowd in a hotel at that place and while they were imbibing Samuel Motter entered. Motter was well known throughout the country as a patent medicine peddler and was about 55 years of age. His wife died in the almshouse some time ago, and since then he has been living near this place.

Shortly after Motter entered a discussion on religious subjects arose. The sacraments of the Lord's Supper was talked about. Motter became very earnest in his talk, and finally dared the men to indulge in an imitation of the Lord's Supper. They agreed to have it with beer and bread, and accordingly a glass was filled with that beverage. They then knelt in mocking humility, and with the beer in one hand and the bread in the other Motter went around distributing a bite and a sup to each.

Suddenly, when he was about half through, a strange noise was heard, and looking up the men saw a sight that "made their blood run cold and froze the marrow in their bones." As near as the scared men could describe it, they declared it was an immense, ill formed and foul beast with great cloven feet, painted horns and eyes that flashed fire. With wild yells the men rushed out into the open air and scattered in every direction. Finally all of them reached their homes except Motter, who was away for a long time, and at last he arrived, a raving maniac. He was put to bed and physicians summoned, but they could do nothing for him. He raved, howled and prayed, declaring that he had seen the Evil One and that he was lost. His torture was terrible, but nothing could be done to relieve him, and he died in the wildest agony. The death-bed scene is said to have been full of horrors that can hardly be described.

Discovery of Penn's Valley.

SURVEYS OF 1776—MANNOR OF NOTTINGHAM—SURVEYS, 1769.

Among the Potter papers I found, October 3, 1882, a paper in the handwriting of William H. Patterson, without date, but from its reference to Chief Justice Tilgham, must have been written prior to 1826, which gives the then tradition of the first entry of the white men into Penn's Valley. W. H. Patterson was one of Judge Potter's first clerks at Potter's Mills.

Alluding to a notice which Mr. Chief Justice Talghman, as president of the Agricultural Society, takes of the valley, and prefacing the remark by a narrative of the events which led to the discovery of Penn's valley would be interesting, he says, "Captain James Potter was a man of strong and penetrating mind, and one to whom early habits rendered a life of peril, toil and enterprise familiar. Nature had given him a powerful and athletic frame of body, with a mind which might well give tone to an herculean frame. As an officer of the British Provincial army, engaged in the defense of the frontier, he conceived the natural idea that, inclosed by the range of mountains which on every side met his view on his return from Kittanning, there must be a fine country. After being ordered to Fort Augusta, his idea of a fine country to be discovered again returned to him. Having obtained leave of absence, he set off with one attendant in the summer of 1764. Passing up the West Branch, he reached the mouth of Bald Eagle Creek, a distance of 75 miles. Then passing up Bald Eagle Creek to the place where Spring Creek enters it, a distance of thirty miles, they took to the mountains, and, having reached the top of Nittany Mountain, Capt. Potter, seeing the prairies and noble forest beneath him, cried out to his attendant, 'By heavens, Thompson, I have discovered an empire!' Immediately descending into the plain they came to a spring, at a place which was in after-days of some distinction, now known by the appellation of 'Old Fort,' owned by Capt. Potter's grandson.

"Here the adventurers found themselves out of provisions, and for two days and as many nights the flesh scraped from a dried beaver's skin was their only subsistence. With starvation staring them in the face, Capt. Potter determined on striking through the mountains for Fort Augusta, and by good fortune happened on a creek, to which they gave the name of John Penn's Creek, little dreaming it was the same creek which entered the Susquehanna at the Isle of Que, known as Penn's Creek. Pursuing the stream, they arrived where provisions could be had, and finally reached Fort Augusta. Capt. Potter and his companion communicated their discovery, and it so happened that an Indian Job Chilloway, was at the fort on their arrival. Learning that they had been in the valley, and determining that if it must be lost to the Indians he at least would profit by their loss, he goes to Col. Hunter and sells the right of discovery. Col. Hunter makes speed to Philadelphia and sells his right to Reuben Haines. In the mean time Capt. Potter hurries to Philadelphia to make application to procure warrants."

On this we remark that it is true that Captain Potter was on the 2d day of October, 1764, in command of three companies on the northern frontiers (Pa. Archives, 2d series, volume ii. page 615,) and possibly Thompson was the Thomas Thompson alluded to in Fithian's Journal, page 17, post. But we are satisfied the discovery was in 1759, just after purchase of 1759, when Potter was at Bedford (Ibid., page 858,) and had been just promoted captain of Wm. Thompson's company (Capt. Thompson having resigned,) and that Captain Thompson was his companion. The tradition is that Haines and Potter compromised, Haines taking the eastern end of Penn's valley up to Spring Mills, and Potter from there up. Certain it is that one of Potter's first warrants, of August 1, 1766, was laid on the farm of the late General George Buchannan's just south of Penn Hall.

That discovery was made in 1759, or at least before 1764, is decided by the fact that the warrant of reservation of the manor of Not ingham, west of the fort, is dated December 16, 1763, and is accurately described as near the Indian path from the head of Penn's Creek to old Frankstown.

SURVEYS OF 1766.

All of Penn's valley was within the purchase of 1758, but it was not until after Col. Henry Bouquet had dictated his own terms of peace to the subdued Delawares and Shawanese, on the banks of Muskingum, on the 14th of November and Lieutenant-Governor John Penn's proclamation thereof, Dec. 5, 1764, that the settlements and improvements were resumed west of the Susquehanna.

On the 5th of August, 1765, the land office was opened for settled lands only on the west side of the river, and on the fifth of August, 1766, it was opened for lands on the west side on the same terms as those on the east side. No more than 300 acres could be applied for by any one without a special order, but this restriction was evaded by applications in the names of friends or employees, who by deed-poll subsequently conveyed their right to the person paying the purchase-money. Bayton, Wharton and Morris, for instance, used the names of their sailors, stevedores and clerks.

Their instructions required the deputy surveyors to survey for the use of the honorable the proprietaries one-tenth of all the land surveyed, or 500 out of every 5,000 acres. These proprietary lands were selected and surveyed first. Accordingly the first legal survey in Penn's valley was the "Manor of Succoth," made under the direction of Wm. Maclay, deputy surveyor, on 22nd day of September, 1766, described as on the head of Penn's Creek, above the great spring and northwest thereof.

MANOR OF SUCCOTH.

This survey calls for an elm which stood north 37° west 50 west from the mouth of Sinking Creek (branch of Penn's); thence north 70 east 27 perches to W. O; thence north 52 east 369 perches to a B. O.; thence south 59½ west 672 perches to a poplar; thence south 48 east 230 perches to a W. O.; thence north 53 east 168 perches to a walnut; thence south 37 east 92 perches to a W. O.; thence north 53 east 115 perches to an elm; and contained 320 acres and allowance. The Penns (of whom John lived until Feb. 9, 1795, when he died at the county seat of Andrew Allen, in Berks county) held the manor until in January, 1791, when they had it divided into three purparts. No 1, the western purpart, they sold to George Riddles (Gen. Potter's son in-law) and George Woods. It contained 209 acres *et al.* No. 2, adjoining No. 1, they sold May 18, 1791, to John Harper. No. 3 was sold by the Penns to Archibald Allison, and embraces the property still owned by his descendants.

MANOR OF NOTTINGHAM.

This was surveyed under Mr. Maclay's directions, Sept. 22 and 24, 1766, for the proprietaries. He began at a white oak which stood on the west line of what is now Samuel Vantries' farm, 1881 (near the Potter and Harris township line,) and ran south 41 east 254½ perches to a white oak (along Vantries and Gingerich farms); thence north 49 east 851 perches to a white oak (about 200 perches easterly of Old Fort Hotel, 1881); thence north 41 west 158; thence south 55½ west 857 perches back to the beginning. This manor contained 1035 acres, and was held by the Penns until 1794, when they divided it into three parts, marked a white oak for the northwest corner and odd purpart: No. 1, on the west (next Vantrise and Gingrich's) June 24, 1784, to Jacob Strab, 340 acres and 60 perches; No. 2, Feb. 7, 1794, to Michael, Jack and Wm. Young, 344 acres and 148 perches; and No. 3 (next to Odenkirk's, 1881), April 16, 1794, to Gerardus Wyncoop. In 1794 the Sunbury road to Huntingdon ran along the southern boundary of the manor. The manor in 1766 is described as being "near the Indian path leading from the head of Penn's Creek to Frankstown." This manor is wholly within Potter township, commencing near the school house west of the Fort Hotel, bounded on the south by the public road to Boalsburg, and embraces Dr. W. I. Wilson's second farm, Maj. Wm. Reynolds, and all the farms thence up to and including Geo. Boal's, Leonard Rhone's and E. Keller's. The southwest white oak is still standing.

The last survey made under the purchase of 1754, confirmed in 1758, was the "Matthew Troy," surveyed Sept. 28, 1768, by Samuel Maclay, patented March 9, 1793, to Henry Fails and Fergus Potter, embracing now the Joshua Potter farm, Leech's, etc., and Harris township.—*Linn Hist. Centre Co.*

WORK OF A FIEND.

Sisters Join in Resisting His Assault.

Akron, Ohio, Feb. 10.—A terrible tale of murderous assault and arson comes from the hamlet of Northfield, 15 miles north of this city. John Hoar, a wealthy farmer, left home yesterday morning to be absent during the day, leaving the house in charge of his two daughters—Mary, aged 22, and Minnie, aged 17. Soon afterward the hired man Charles Jencik, an evil-looking fellow of 22, apparently of very low intelligence, entered the house and advanced to the younger girl and asked her for a kiss. He was spurned indignantly and told to keep his distance, or he would be reported on Mr. Hoar's return. He sneeringly replied: "You wouldn't tell on me—now would you?" at the same time advancing and attempted to take hold of her. Both sisters then joined in resisting the young brute, divining his evil intentions and for a time a desperate struggle was carried on, in which the clothing of the young woman was torn to shreds.

Jencik, seeing the brave girls were getting the better of him, seized a piece of iron pipe lying by and dealt both sisters several blows on their heads and faces, leaving them senseless and their wounds streaming with blood, the skull of the younger being fractured. Without attempting further outrage he ran to the barn and set it on fire. It contained at the time 23 cows, 15 hogs, 1 horse, a full stock of farming implements, and the entire crops of oats, corn and wheat, gathered from his extensive farm. All these were consumed with the building, not a dollar's worth being saved. The loss is fully $15,000.

Jencik ended his work by running to a Justice of the Peace, saying he had murdered two people, and giving himself up. People from the nearest houses ran to the Hoar homestead, where the two girls were found stretched upon the floor, apparently dead. Later in the afternoon they recovered consciousness. Mary, it is thought may recover, but Minnie's skull is fractured and she is expected to die at any momet. Jencik seems unconcerned over his awful work and simply says he does not know why he set the barn on fire. He will be lodged in jail there.

CUT IN TWAIN BY A BUZZ-SAW.

East St. Louis, Ill., Feb. 10.—Henry Thielan, a farmer living at Caseyville, met with a horrible death yesterday. He stopped in a planing mill and sat down on a raised counter covering a buzz saw, which was not running at the time. While sitting conversing with some friends the saw started, and in a few moments afterwards the counter moved to its customary position. The saw flashed upwards through the slit in the counter and cut Thielan in two. He died instantly.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—While Mrs. Dr. Julia Hunter and Mrs. and Miss Stanton were driving across the Delaware and Hudson Railroad track, near Carbondale, Penn., on the 29th ult. they were struck by a train. Mrs. Hunter was killed and the Stantons were injured, Mrs. Stanton fatally.

—A number of capitalists have just purchased 800 acres of land in Pickens county, Ga., for the purpose of quarrying marble.

—The billiard match between Schaefer and Vignaux was continued on the 29th ult., Vignaux scoring 647 and Schaefer 537. The grand total now stands: Vignaux, 2400; Schaefer, 2337. In the 13th inning last night Schaefer made a run of 180 points, the highest of the game thus far.

—The sentence in the case of Paymaster General J. A Smith, of the Navy, has been approved by the Secretary of the Navy and confirmed by the President. He was found guilty of "subordinating the interests of the Government to those of a favored contractor," of "culpable inefficiency in the performance of duty," and is sentenced to be dismissed from the position of Chief of the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing, to be suspended from rank and duty as a pay inspector, on furlough pay for three years, and to retain his present number in his grade during that period.

—A snow slide at Thayer's Canon, near Park city, Utah, on the 28th ult., killed four men. Their bodies were recovered. A man named Loring is reported buried under sixteen feet of snow on Thompson's creek.

—It was reported in Cincinnati on the 29th ult. that a contractor named Dinsmore, from Washington, entered a "sporting house" in the former city early in the morning, and discovered after he left that he had been robbed of $4000 while in the house.

—The Trustees of the Chicago Grant Monument Fund have accepted a design for a terrace and monument surmounted by an equestrian statue, to be erected in Lincoln Park. "The principle feature of the design is a solid terrace wall, pierced by a massive granite arch 60 feet long. Above this rises the monument on which the statue is to stand, the top of the monument being 42 feet above the ground." The structure is to cost $50,000.

—The billiard tournament in New York resulted on the 30th ult. in a victory for Schaeffer, who beat Vignaux by 162 points in the total of 3000.

—The Secretary of the Navy having been informed by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company that another revolution is threatened on the Isthmus of Panama, has directed Rear Admiral Jouett to remain at Aspinwall with the Tennessee for the present.

—In the U. S. Court at Fort Smith, Arkansas, on the 30th ult., Judge Parker, passed sentence of death on seven men convicted of murder in the Indian Territory. They are to be hanged on April 23d. The trial of the Chyo Chynack, Chinese "high-binder," for murder, in St. Louis, resulted on Saturday evening in a virdict of guilty.

—Mrs. Bayard, wife of the Secretary of State, died on the 31st ult., in Washington from the effects of the shock caused by her daughter's sudden death a short time since. This second bereavement of Mr. Bayard has, it is said, determined him to resign from the Cabinet and go abroad for a time.

—General N. P. Banks celebrated his seventieth birthday at Waltham, Massachusetts, on the 31st ult. He received a large number of tokens and offerings, and was congratulated by many friends. The Boston Club entertained the General at a dinner in the afternoon.

—At a caucus of the Democratic members of the U. S. Senate, on the 30th ult., it was unamiously resolved to support the President in his refusal to furnish papers and documents concerning suspensions from office.

—The Governor of Wisconsin has ordered a special election in the fifth Congressional District of that State on February 23d, for the election of a successor to Joseph Rankin, deceased.

—The Supreme Court of the United States on the 1st reversed the decision of the Supreme Court of Virginia in the tax cases from that State, and decided that the tender of coupons in payment of taxes is legal.

—In the New York assembly on the 1st a bill was ordered to a third reading giving the consent of the State to the acquisition by the United States of Mt. McGregor Cottage wherein General Grant died, and ceding jurisdiction over the same. Mr. Joseph Drexel desires to give the cottage where General Grant passed his last hours to the general Government as a memorial "to be kept sacred to the consecrated memories of the great event which took place within its hallowed walls."

—Alexander W. Torrell, of Austin, Texas, an ex-State Senator, announces that he will be a candidate for U. S. Senator to succeed Mr. Maxey.

—The Treasury Department has authorized the Customs Collector at New York to allow a box containing the ashes of a lady who died abroad, and whose body was cremated, to be forwarded to Philadelphia without being opened for examination. The remains are also to be delivered to the relatives in Philadelphia without payment of duty. The box in question is described in the Consular invoice as containing "samples of phosphate of lime."

—A telegram from Little Rock says: "J. J. Waters, the postmaster at Quincy, a small settlement in Newton county, has been driven away by his neighbors on account of his manner of treating persons having business at that office. At last accounts Waters and his wife were at Jasper, the county seat, and his son-in-law and a few friends were in his house, which was besieged, shots being occasionally exchanged between the parties."

—The Lancaster Watch Factory, at Lancaster, Pa., started on the 1st after a suspension of one year. It is expected that in a short time the factory will employ two hundred hands.

—The public debt statement for January shows a decrease of $8,672,553.

—The report that Secretary Bayard intends to resign is positively contradicted by his intimate friends.

—The Hydographic Office at Washington has received reports of the existence of a dangerous shoal in latitude 41.05 north, and longtitude 65.02 west, directly in the track of translantic steamers during a part of the year, and a request is made that steamship captains take soundings whenever they are passing near the position, in order to verify or refute its existence.

—Another cold wave has appeared in the Northwest. Temperatures of 36 to 43 degrees below zero are reported in Minnesota, Dakota and Manitoba. The Signal Service reported a temperature of 4 below zero in Chicago on the 1st, and on the 2d the temperature was 15 below. At other points in Northern Illinois, 18 to 20 below were recorded.

—The funeral of Mrs. Bayard took place on the 2d at Wilmington, Delaware. It was attended besides the family, by Secretaries Manning, Endicott, Whitney and Lamar, Postmaster General Vilas, Senators Gorman, Gibson, Davis, McPherson and Gray, Governors Stockley and Morton, ex-Senator Groome, ex-Governor Hall, Congressmen Blackburn and Lore, ex-Congressman Biggs, Judge Wales, of the U. S. District Court, the Judges of the Superior Courts of Delaware, Collector Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, several members of the Diplomatic Corps and many other officials and prominent citizens. The services of the Episcopal Church were read.

—The President on the 2d nominated Samuel Thompson Corn, of Illinois, to be Associate Justice for Wyoming. The Senate confirmed W. H. Brinker to be Associate Justice for New Mexico.

—A dispatch from Fort Bayard, New Mexico, says a courier arrived there on the 15th with news of the unconditional surrender of the Apache Chief, Geronimo, to Lieutenant Maus, who succeeded the late Captain Crawford.

—On the 3d Senator Edmunds and Senator Pugh called upon the President in relation to the appointment of Judge Merrick upon the district bench, and advised him of a sentiment existing in the committee against the appointment on the United States Bench of men whose age would soon fit them for retirement. The president merely said that Judge Merrick had given satisfaction, and did not indicate whether or not he considered his age an objection.

—The February term of the United States Court at Fort Smith, Arkansas, opens with 162 criminal cases on the docket, of which 29 are for murder. Nine convicted Indian Territory murderers now await their day of execution.

—State Controller Anderson of New Jersey has submitted his annual report to the Legislature. It shows that the total valuations of the real and personal property of the State for the year amounted to $555,537,955,84. This is an increase of $10,709,841,50 over last year. The total assessed valuation of the railroads of the State foots up to $190,437,093 96. Taxes were received from the railroads to the amount of $761,420,92, and there is still due $190,768,07, mostly from those corporations that are contesting the new tax law before the Supreme Court. Of the $2,351,169,40 assessed on miscellaneous corporations, there remains unpaid $119,194,88. The State school tax is also named by counties, amounting to over $1,000,000.

—During January the vessels of the revenue marine service rendered assistance to 57 vessels in distress and thereby saved the lives of about 603 persons and property to the value of about $2,000,000.

—James H. Hough, one of the U. S. Secret Service detectives, committed suicide by shooting in Washington, on the 3d. He had been unwell for some time. He was formerly a prominent merchant of Baltimore.

—Coffin Tarr, aged 59 years, being despondent from lack of employment, committed suicide by hanging in Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the 31.

—An express train on the Central Iowa Railroad, ran into another train composed of three engines and a caboose, at Manly Junction, Iowa, on the 2d. One engine and the caboose were demolished. The engineer of the wrecked engine was killed, and two other trainmen were dangerously injured.

—Two sections of a Baltimore and Ohio freight train collided at Dillon's Falls, Ohio, on the 2d, and two trainmen were injured.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 29th ult. the credentials of J. Z. George, re-elected Senator from Mississippi, were presented and filed. A bill was passed removing the political disabilities of George S. Storrs, of Texas. Mr. Platt offered a resolution, for reference to the Committee on Rules, providing that Executive nominations shall hereafter be considered in open session. The resolution was so referred. The bill for the division of the Sioux reservation in Dakota was discussed. The bill for the admission of Dakota as a State came up, and Mr. Vest addressed the Senate on the subject. When he had finished the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 1st Mr. Call of Florida, submitted a resolution which, at his request, was laid over for the present, directing the Committee on Military Affairs to report a bill providing that ex-Union soldiers shall not be required to submit to civil service examination before appointment to any position embraced in the Civil Service law. The bill for the division of the Sioux reservation in Dakota was passed. The Electoral Count bill was discussed by Messrs. Hoar, Sherman, Maxey, George and Ingalls. Mr. Evarts obtained the floor, but yielded to a motion to go into Executive session. When the doors were re-opened the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 2d Mr. Morgan's resolution in regard to the trustees provided for in the Utah bill came up in order, and was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The Electoral Count bill was taken up, and Mr. Evarts favored its recommittal After debate by Messrs. Teller, Hoar, Wilson, George and Edmunds, and the offering of an amendment by Mr. Evarts, design to facilitate the ascertainment of the action of each State in the choice of Electors, the bill and amendments were recommitted by a vote of 30 to 22. After an Executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 3d the Riddleberger and Pugh resolutions in regard to Presidential suspensions and appointments were, after some discussion, laid on the table. Afterwards, on motion of Mr. Riddleberger, the resolutions were taken from the table, and, on motion of Mr. Morrill, they were referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The Dakota bill was debated by Messrs. Logan and Morgan. Mr. Harrison obtained the floor, whereupon the Senate adjourned, he giving notice that he would ask a vote on the bill on the 4th.

HOUSE

In the House on the 1st Mr. Hewitt re-introduced his bill reported in the last Congress "to modify existing laws relating to duties on imports and the collection of the revenue." When the call of States was concluded, Mr. Matson, of Indiana, moved to suspend the rules and put upon its passsage the bill increasing the pensions of soldiers' widows from $8 to $13 per month, with an amendment providing that this act shall apply only to widows who were married to the deceased soldiers prior to its passage and to those who may hereafter marry prior to or during the service of the soldier. After discussion the motion to suspend the rules and pass the bill was carried—yeas 198, nays 66 and the House then adjourned.

In the House on the 2d the entire session was devoted to eulogies of the late Vice President Hendricks. After speeches by Messrs. Bynum, of Indiana; McCreary, of Kentucky; Long, of Massachusetts; Throckmorton, of Texas; Dingley, of Maine; Hewitt, of New York; Browne, of Indiana; Randall, of Pennsylvania; Springer, of Illinois; Geddes, of Ohio; Lowry, of Indiana; Hall, of Iowa; and Kleiner and Holman, of Indiana, appropriate resolutions were adopted and the House adjourned.

In the House on the 3d, Mr. James from the Committee on Labor, reported a bill which was placed on the calendar, prohibiting any Government officer from "hiring or contracting out the labor of prisoners." The House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill relating to the taxation of fractional parts of a gallon of distilled spirits. Mr. Mills, of Texas, offered an amendment providing that "all taxes imposed by this act shall be paid in standard silver coin." He made this amendment the text of a speech on the entire silver question. The committee rose without action and the House adjourned.

Overly Cautious.

It is no longer safe for a spruce young man of the city to escort a rural visitor on the street. The notoriety of the bunco swindler has made the stranger so cautious that he is ready to construe every advance as evidence of nefarious intent. It is curious to watch the development of this extreme caution. The work of the salesmen employed by wholesale houses is complicated by it. Under a long established custom, these energetic boomers read the daily lists of hotel arrivals, identify country merchants among them, hunt up the possible customers in the evening, lead them into sociability, and thence to the store next day; but now the wary sojourner is offish the instant the suave drummer intrudes himself, and as likely as not threatens to have him arrested if he doesn't instantly clear out. As to the genuine son of an old acquaintance, he might as well introduce himself to the police directly as to try to win the favor of his father's chum without documentary proofs of his claim. This distrust is not unreasonable, in view of the fact that few men, unless obviously New Yorkers, escape the attention of the scoundrels. About the only exception is the English nobleman, whose constitutional lack of urbanity toward foreigners renders him safe in Broadway. The clerks and detectives of the hotels where aristocrats from England usually stay tell me that there has never been, as far as they know, any case of robbery among them by confidence thieves.

Earl Russell is here this week. "His lordship hadn't been in town six hours," says the special officer of his hotel, "before a bunco sharp tackled him. But it was a dead failure from the first. 'You are from London, I perceive,' the sharp began, 'and I presume you are seeing the sights of the city.' 'How dare you intrude yourself on me without an introduction?' responded Earl Russell. That ended it, and the Englishman hadn't the faintest idea that the fellow was a rascal. That's about the experience of all the swindlers that have accosted titled Englishmen!"

IN WALL STREET.—Depositor—"Where is the cashier?"

Bank Boy—"Gone to Canada."

"And the President?"

"Gone to South America."

"Mercy save us! But the directors, where——?"

"Nobody knows."

"Is any one left?"

"Yes, me and the watchman."

"Well, why didn't you two go also, and make a clean sweep of it?"

"There wasn't nothin' left when our turn came."

The best way to humble a proud man is to take no notice of him.

Eloquence, smooth and cutting, is like a razor whetted with oil.

Fortune corrects us of more faults than reason is able to correct.

Rum has sunk more seamen than all the tempests that ever blew.

None but God and the poor know wath the poor do for each other.

It costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.

To succeed you must keep moving; to grow rich you must keep saving.

Through the Meadow.

The summer sun was soft and bland
As they went through the meadow.

The little wind that hardly shook
The silver of the sleeping brook
Blew the gold hair about her eyes—
A mystery of mysteries!

So he must often pause, and stoop,
And all the wanton ringlets loop
Behind her dainty ear—emprise
Of slow event and many sighs.

Across the stream was scarce a step—
And yet she feared to try the leap:
And he, to still her sweet alarm,
Must lift her over on his arm.

She could not keep the narrow way,
For still the little fret would stray,
And ever must he bend t'undo
The tangled grasses from her shoe—
From dainty rosebud lips in pout,
Must kiss the perfect flower out!

Ah! little coquette! Fair deceit!
Some things are bitter that were sweet.

WINNY.

Stranger to Canada, I think you said? First visit to Ontario? Well, you're heartily welcome to Indian Creek. Take a chair on the piazza till dinner's ready—we dine early in these new-world parts,

Fine farm? Well, yes; Indian Creek is a nice place, if I do own it. All, as far as you can see—grass land, cornfields, woods and creeks—all belong to it. Stock, too—they call it the best-stocked farm in Ontario, I believe, and I dare say they're right. All mine; and yet I came to Canada twelve years ago without even the traditional half-crown in my trousers pocket. You look surprised. Would you like to hear the story? There's a good half-hour to dinner yet, and it's a story I never tire of telling, somehow.

I began life as the son of a village carpenter in the south of England. You know that class pretty well, I dare say, and what a gulf was fixed between me and the vicar of the parish. And yet—and yet—from the time she was 7 years old and I 11, and she fell down in the dusty road outside the carpenter's shop and cried, and I picked her up and smoothed the little crumpled pinafore, and kissed the dust out of her golden curls, I loved but one girl in the world, and that was the vicar's daughter, Winny Branscome.

Madness, you'll say. Well, perhaps so, and yet a man is but a man, and a woman a woman; and love comes whatever one may do. There's no class distinction recognized by childhood, and we were playmates and friends till she went to boarding school. If Miss Winny had had a mother, no doubt things would have been very different; but we were alike in never having known a woman's care, and the old vicar was blind to everything but his theological treatises.

But when she came back from her London boarding school, a beautiful lady, all smiles and laces and little lovely ways, then I knew. I had tried my best to study and work, and make myself more like the men she would meet, but what can a lad in an English village do? I just had enough education to make every other lad in the village hate me; and beside the men of her world I suppose I cut rather an astonishing figure. Yet the love of her was so beyond all else in me, that mad, hopeless as I felt it, I had no power over myself; and the first time I caught her alone in the woods—she avoided me: and I saw, and I had to watch for a chance—I told her the whole story, and waited for her answer. She grew scarlet—a rush of color that dyed her fair, sweet face—then deathly pale.

"Dick," she said, and she was trembling from head to foot, "you know it can never, never be; you know you are wrong even to dream of such a thing. Some girls would consider it an insult—I know you better; but if my father heard of this, he would say you had abused his kindness to you; he would never forgive you. Forget your madness." And she ran from me.

I let her go. I had seen the blush and the tremor, and I guessed that if I had been Mr. Loftus, the young squire, instead of Dick Hawtry, the carpenter's son, her answer might have been different. A great resolve sprang up in my soul, and I took a solemn vow in those June woods. That very night I sold the old shop (my father was dead, and I had taken to the business,) and with the money I bought an outfit, and started straight for Canada. It was pretty tough work at first, but I worked like a galley-slave—starved and pinched and saved, and never spent a penny on myself except for the books I sat up half the night to read and study. Well, in this country the man who works and doesen't drink, is sure to get on; and I had a mighty purpose in my head. By-and-by I bought some land dirt-cheap, and sold it for three times what I gave for it—then I began to make money fast. I should call my luck wonderful if I believed in luck, and didn't prefer to think I was helped by a power far abler than my own. At last, ten years to the very day after I set foot on Canadian soil, I bought Indian Creek farm, and began to build this house. All the neighbors thought my good fortune had turned my brain, for I fitted it up and furnished it for a lady, down to a rocking chair by my study-table, and a work-basket with a tiny gold thimble in it. And when all that was finished, I took the first ship for Liverpool.

Ten years builds a city over here. It doesn't make much change in a Devonshire village. The very gates were still half off their hinges, as I left them, only the people were a little older and a trifle more stupid, and there was a new vicar. Old Mr. Branscome had been dead six months; died very poor, they they told me; there was nothing left for Miss Winny. My heart gave one great leap when I heard that. And Miss Winny? Oh, she had gone governessing with some people who were just off to Canada, and the ship sailed tomorrow from Liverpool.

The Liverpool express never seemed to crawl so slowly before. I got there to find every berth taken on board the Antarctic, and the captain raging at the non-appearance of two of the crew. Without a second's pause I offered for one of the vacant places. I was strong as a horse and active enough, and though the captain eyed me rather askance—I had been to a West End tailor on my way through London—he was too glad to get me to ask any questions. So I sailed on the ship with my girl, little as she knew of it. I saw her the first day or two, looking so pale and thin that she was like the ghost of her old self, and yet sweeter to my eyes than ever before. The children she had charge of were troublesome little creatures, who worried and badgered her till I longed to cuff them well. But there was a gentleness and a patience about her quite new to my idea of Miss Winny, and I only loved her the more for it. After the second day out the wind freshened and I saw no more of her.

We had an awful passage. It was late in November—an early winter, and the cold was intense. It blew one continuous gale, and some of our machinery was broken—the screw damaged—and we could not keep our course. As we drew near the other side of the Atlantic, we got more and more out of our bearings, and at last, the fogs told us we were somewhere off the coast of Newfonndland, but where no one was quite sure. It seemed to me it had all happened before, or I had read it, or dreamed it. At all events, it was hardly a surprise to me when, on the tenth night, just after midnight, the awful crash and shock took place—a sensation which no one who has not felt it can imagine in the least—and we knew the Antarctic had struck.

It's a fearful thing, if you come to think of it, a great steamer filled with living souls in the full flow of life and health, and in one moment the call coming to each of them to die. Before you could have struck a match the whole ship was in a panic—cries, terror, confusion, agony—O, it was awful! I trust never to see such a scene again. I made my way through it all as if I had neither eyes nor ears, and got to the stateroom I had long ago found out was the one which belonged to my girl. I knocked at the door with a heavy hand; even at that awful moment a thrill ran through me at the thought of standing face to face with her again.

"Winny!" I cried, "come out! make haste! there is not a moment to lose!"

The door opened as I spoke, and she stood just within, ready dressed, even to her little black cap. The cabin light had been left burning by the doctor's orders, and it fell full on me as I stood there in my sailor's jersey and cap. I wondered if she would know me. I forgot the danger we were in—forgot that death was waiting close at hand—forgot that the world held any one but just her and me.

"Dick!" she cried, "Oh, Dick, Dick!" and she fell forward in a dead faint on my shoulder.

All my senses came back then, and I threw her over my arm and ran for the deck. A great fur-lined cloak had been dropped by the door of the ladies' cabin. There was no light, but I stumbled over it as I ran. I snatched it up and carried it with me.

Up above all was in the wildest chaos: the boats overfilled and pushing off, the ship settling rapidly; people shouting, crying, swearing. One often hears tales of calmness and courage enough at such times which makes one's heart glow as one reads them, but there was not much heroism shown in the wreck of the Antarctic. The captain behaved splendidly, and so did some of the passengers, but the majority of them and the crew were mad with terror, and lost their heads altogether.

I saw there was no chance for the overcrowded boats in that sea, and I sprang to the rigging. I was not a second too soon; a score of others followed my example, and with my precious burden I should not have had a chance two minutes later. As it was, I scrambled to the topmast and got a firm hold there. Winny was just coming to herself. I had wrapped her round like a baby in the fur cloak, and with my teeth I opened my knife to cut a rope which hung loose within reach. With this I lashed her to me, and fastened us both to the topmast. The ship sank gradually; but did not keel over, or I should not be telling you the story now; she settled down, just her deck above water, but the great seas washed over it every second and swept it clean. The boats had gone.

One or two of the crew, floating on loose spars, were picked up afterward—no more. The rigging was pretty full, at least in the upper part; down below the sea was too strong. The captain was near me. I felt glad to think he had been saved—he was not a coward like some of the others.

How long was the longest night you ever knew? Multiply that by a thousand, and you will have some idea of that night's length. The cold was awful. The spray froze on the sheets as it fell; the yards were slippery with ice. I stamped on Winny's feet to keep them from freezing. Did you notice that I limp a little? I shall walk lame as long as I live. Sometimes there was a splash in the dark water below, as some poor fellow's stiffened hold relaxed, and he fell from his place in the rigging. There was not a breath of wind, nothing but the bitter, bitter fog. How long could we hold out? Where were we? How long would the ship be before she broke up? Would it be by drowning or by freezing? We asked ourselves these questions again and again, but there was no answer. Death stared us in the face; we seemed to live ages of agony in every minutes—and yet, will you believe me, that all seemed little in comparison to the thought that after all the struggles and the sorrows, after those ten long, weary years, I held my girl in my arms at last!

She had pulled one corner of the cloak around my neck (I stood on a level just below her), and her hand lay there with it—it was the hand that warmed me more than the cloak—and her cheek rested against my own. Often I thought its coldness was the coldness of death, and almost exulted in the thought that we should die together. And then I would catch the murmur of the prayers she was uttering for us both, and know that life was there still, and hope lived, too.

Well, well, why should I dwell on such horrors, except to thank the Mercy that brought us through them all? Day dawned at last, and there was the shore near by, and soon rockets were fired and ropes secured, and one by one the half-dead living were drawn from the awful suspension between sky and sea and landed safe on shore. They had to take Winny and me together, just as we were, and even then they had hard work to undo the clasp of my stiffened arms about her. I knew nothing then, nor for long after, and it is wonderful that Winny was the first to recover, and that it was she that nursed me back to life and reason.

And now did I ask her to marry me? Upon my word, now you ask me, I can't remember that I ever did. That seemed utterly unnecessary, somehow. Caste distinctions look small enough when you have been staring death in the face for a few hours; and words were not much needed after we had been together in the rigging that night.

Somehow I was glad it was so; glad my girl had taken me in my cap and jersey, for a common sailor, and yet loved the old Dick through it all: glad she never dreamed that I was owner of Indian Creek farm, and the richest man in that end of Ontario, and had wealth and position higher than Mr. Loftus, the young squire at home. The people she was with had all gone down on that awful night, she had no one in the world but me. We were married at Montreal—the captain of the Antarctic gave her away—and then I brought her home to Indian Creek. To see her face when she saw the rocking chair, and the work basket, and thimble! Heaven bless her!

There she comes with her baby on her shoulder. Come in to dinner, friend, and you shall see the sweetest wife in the new country or old; the girl I won amid the ocean's surges.

The White Elephant.

After the British had conquered Burmah, one of the four sacred white elephants died at Mandalay. The Burmese have always expected some national disaster when one of these sacred animals die. The earliest traveler in Burmah, as far back as 1532, speaks of this reverence to the white elephant as having had even then an ancient and remote origin. When one of these royal beasts expires, the same honors are offered up to it as a dead queen. The queerest part of the business is that there probably never was an entirely white elephant. The one that has just died had some white about the eyes, but the body was black or brown. It is passing strange how even a semi-intelligent people should for generations have paid such marked honors to a beast so far inferior in every way to the human race.

Ruins in Central America.

Extensive ruins have been disclosed by the boundary survey between Guatemala and Mexico. That region was evidently densely inhabited in ancient times, but is now almost wholly denuded of soil. That the process of denudation had begun before the abandonment of the region is shown by the walls and terraces evidently built to check it, and still retain small tillage patches. The ruins consist mainly of stone floors raised above the ground, upon which, no doubt, lighter superstructures were built. These ruins are considered older than the more familiar ones in Yucatan.

JONES—"Can you always tell a fool?"
Brown—"If he doesn't ask too much. What would you like to know?"

Trials of Life.

List! to the songs the redeem'd ones are singing;
How the deep anthem through heaven is ringing,
Up from the heart of the multitude springing;
Patient endurance shall have its reward.
Cometh the valley of humiliation,
Cometh affliction and deep tribulation,
Cometh bereavement and bitter temptation:
"Thus it is written," and "thus saith the Lord."

Scorn to be guilty of ceaseless repining;
Under the billows the jewels are shining;
Ever the fire the gold is refining,
Ever the darkness proceedeth the dawn.
Strength to the oak tree the dark tempest bringeth;
Under the hammer the deep anvil ringeth:
From the crush'd vintage the purple wine springeth;
Flowers smell sweetest when trampled upon.

Night sets the stars on the mountains of heaven;
Unto the mourner the promise is given;
Deadly miasmas by lightningare riven,
Leaving the atmosphere wholesome and sweet,
Shrink from the cross and Gethsemane never!
Paradise riseth just over the river.
He who is able and ssrong to deliver
Holdeth a lamp for the wayfarer's feet.

Faint not, whatever affliction betideth;
Deep consolation the father provideth;
Him whom Immanuel loveth He chideth!
Patient endurance shall have its reward.
Out of the valley of humiliation
Riseth the mountain of transfiguration.
The tears of His saints are a holy libation,
Dear to the heart of a pitying Lord.

IN A MOMENT OF PIQUE.

"You're too good a fellow to be trifled with, Allen," said Charley Leonard in a confidential tone. "I hate to see a woman make a fool of you, and Nora Lind—"

"What makes you think she's making a fool of me?" Allen asked, in a quiet way, that concealed the depths of his feelings.

"My dear boy, you must look at these things in a common-sense light. Miss Lind is an heiress—the richest girl in Cambridge, you are—"

"What?"

"Well, you know very well, Allen, that from a worldly point of view, you are poor, like myself."

"I have a few thousands, Charley, and then there is my profession. I could support a wife comfortably on my income. I have enough to make a woman happy if she loves me."

"Yes—if! That's just it!" cried Charley, springing up and pacing the room with a restless stride. "Women do not love now-a-days—not with their hearts, at least."

Allen looked up half quizzically.

"Ah, I thought there was something behind all this cynicism," he said. "You have been playing with the divine fire again. You and your Dulcinea are 'out!'"

"Don't joke about it, Al, for heaven's sake! It's a home thrust this time. Three weeks ago I thought my happiness was assured. The woman I loved had promised to marry me, and now, and for the merest trifle, she has cast me aside. No wonder I have no faith in women."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Charley, and I hope it may prove a lover's quarrel. But you must not expect me to share your doubts. I will not deny it; I love Nora Lind with my whole soul, and I intend to ask her to marry me."

"I wish you all success, Al, forgive me for meddling."

The door opened and a rough old fellow came in—one of Allen's client's. Charley picked up his hat and left with the brief remark:

"I'll see you later."

It was while Allen was engaged with this client that the postman came in and threw down a thick envelope with a graceful superscription that strongly contrasted with the careless, dashing style of his business correspondence. Allen's heart bounded. His patience hardly lasted until he was alone and could open the letter. It was longer than Miss Lind's notes usually were—two pages, beginning "My dear Mr. Westlock," and ending, your friend, always, Nora Lind."

"Your letter was really a favor," she said on the first page. "Seaton is a pretty place, but horribly dull in winter. I shall be glad to get back to Cambridge—It was very kind of you to ask me to go and see Bernhardt next Wednesday. It will give me great pleasure to go."

Then the letter rambled on in a pleasant way till at the bottom of the fourth page, there was a complete break. The second page did not go with the first at all. Neither words nor ideas were connected. Allen turned it over in bewilderment, and finally held it still and read:

"I am only flirting with Mr. Westlock, and leading him on for fun. Don't distress yourself, dear Blanche. I know what is best for my own happiness. I shall never marry a man whom I do not love."

The paper trembled in Allen's hand and he almost gasped for breath.

"Good heavens! What does this mean?" he cried hoarsely.

Slowly it dawned upon him that part of a letter, not intended for his eyes, had been inclosed in the envelope that bore his address. But what did it reveal to him?

Allen crushed the note in his hand and sank back in his chair. It was hours before he could command himself; but finally he rallied and enclosed two theatre tickets in the following note:

"My Dear Miss Lind:—Circumstances compel me to recall my invitation for Wednesday next. I enclose the tickets. You have so many attendants, I am sure that you will not want for an escort. Hoping you will enjoy the performance, I am Miss Lind,

Truly Yours,
Allen Westlock."

That was all.

"She shall never know by word of mine," he said, as he dropped this note in the box on his way to supper. "That dream is over, and my happiness at an end forever; but she shall not know it. I will hide my pain from her or die."

That evening, when society was about awakening to the touch of dissipation, Allen Westlock presented himself in faultless attire in the parlor of an uptown residence.

"How fortunate I am to find you at home!" he said as he bent over the slim, white hand of a graceful girl in pale blue surah. "But you are not well; what have you been doing to yourself, my dear Miss Blanche?"

Blanche Merle replied with a light laugh, whose studied indifference could not wholly deaden the ring of a sad note.

"It is dissipation," she answered, with a glance in the mirror opposite. "I have been to three balls this week. I was going to the Charity ball to-night, but—"

"Why, I'd forgotten all about it! This is the night. Charley Leonard gave me tickets. He is one of the managers."

Man as he was, and not at all interested in Miss Merle, Allen failed to note the quick spasmodic twitching of her mouth and sudden pallor when he mentioned Charley Leonard.

"By the way, Miss Blanche, let us take a look in at the Charity," he said, carelessly.

"I will go for a little while," she assented.

Allen went for a carriage while she arrayed herself in a brilliant ball costume. When she came down stairs again a robe of white satin embroidered with forget-me-nots, trailed after her. Her eyes shone with unusual brilliancy, and her cheeks were slightly flushed.

Allen thought her very lovely, but the image of Nora Lind's dark, bewitching face, framed in raven hair, her red lips and dazzling smile, her smooth throat of creamy olive clasped by diamonds scarcely brighter than her eyes, rose up before him, but he tried to banish even her name from his memory.

The night wore on. Blanche's "little while" grew longer, and when she rode home, pale and tired, she was Allen Westlock's promised wife. The engagement was announched, and society was taken by surprise, but the wedding day was fixed and there was no mistake about it.

Two weeks before the wedding Charley Leonard sat in his office resting his grave face in his hands, when a lady heavily veiled, came in.

"You are Mr. Leonard, Mr. Westlock's friend, I think?" she said, in a voice that sounded familiar.

"I used to count myself so, but—"

Not noticing his bitterness of tone, she went on—

"Then you will oblige me. I am a friend of Mr. Westlock's too, and, in view of his approaching marriage I wish to make a settlement in his favor. For reasons of my own I do not wish him to know to whom he is indebted. Here are two thousand pound bonds—"

"Two thousand pounds! Are you in earnest, madam?"

"Here are the bonds?" she said, holding them out in an ungloved hand.

As Charley took them he caught the flash of a fine rose diamond, and immediately recognized the fair owner.

"Miss Lind! Is it possible?"

She drew back with a start, but straightened up proudly the next moment, and raised her veil.

"Yes, it is I," she said with dignity. "Have I not the right to give him this money if I wish?"

'But, Miss Lind, have you thought—'

"Thought! Have I thought of anything else for two weeks? The money is for Allen. Give it to him, but promise me you will not tell him it—"

"Do not excite yourself, Miss Lind. You are ill, you—"

"Promise me you will not tell him," she cried, frantically.

"No, no, certainly not."

Her passion subdued in a moment.

"There is only one thing more I have to ask of you," she said. "Forget this visit."

"Let it be as if it had never been."

"If you wish it."

He had barely uttered the words when she was gone.

"I was wrong," he muttered. "She did love him after all! It was Allen who was trifling with her."

That evening, for the first time in months, he went to see Allen.

"Where have you been hiding yourself?" cried his friend, holding out a hand, which Charley ignored.

"I cannot shake hands with you, Allen, till I am sure you are not the knave I have been led to suppose you are."

"How?"

"Why did you lie to me about Miss Lind? You told me you meant to ask her to marry you."

A change came over Allen's face, and for a moment he looked sadly at his friend.

"Charley, I wouldn't say this to any one but you, I am wretched. I love Nora Lind with my whole soul, but I have found out that she is utterly unworthy of me—"

"You told me so, but—"

"I was blind, insane, irresponsible. She is the noblest woman I know."

"You love her and she loves you."

"Impossible!"

"I tell you it is true."

"If it were true, what then? In two days I shall marry Miss Merle."

"No, you will not. You shall not wreck the happiness of four lives at once. There is yet time, Allen. Retreat! You must—you shall! Blanche was to have been my wife, not yours! It is I whom she loves, not you."

"You, Charley? Was it she who—"

"Yes, it was she! How dared you attempt to steal her from me?"

Allen's face whitened.

"Why did you not tell me before?" he cried, "Do not stand there railing at me! I will go to Blanche at once."

"Not without me."

"You may come."

They both presented themselves at Miss Merle's an hour later, but Allen asked to see her alone, and was shown up stairs to the sitting room. As he entered he started back, for in the centre of the room stood Miss Lind.

"Good-by, Blanche," she was saying. "I shall not be at the wedding, but I wish you every joy."

"Stay, Miss Lind. I have something to say to you," Allen cried.

"Mr. Westlock!" she stammered, while every vestige of color left her lovely face, and Blanche regarded both in mute surprise.

"Miss Merle," Allen went on abruptly, "I have known ever since you promised to be my wife that I had no hold whatever upon your heart. To-day I have heard what leads me to suppose that you entered into your engagement with me in a moment of pique. Is it true?"

Blanche sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

At the same moment Charley Leonard confronted her with a white and desperate face.

"Tell him the truth before it is too late," he said hoarsely. "You love me, Blanche. You belong to me?"

"Yes," she gasped, flinging herself on his breast and bursting into tears. "Oh, why did you take me at my word, Charley? Why did you go away?"

A look of unspeakable relief came over Allen's face.

"Thank God it is not too late!" he said, fervently. Blanche, you are free. Forgive me, but I never loved you. I—ah—Miss Lind, are you ill?"

The slight graceful figure fell fainting into his arms.

"Come away!" Charley whispered; and Allen was left alone with that lovely white face resting on his arms.

Her eyelids unclosed in a moment and she struggled to support herself.

"Sit down and interpret this letter for me," he said, giving her the mysterious note to read.

"There was some mistake," she faltered. "I wrote to you and Blanche on the same afternoon; I sent you part of her letter, and her part of yours; but indeed I did not say this—that—Oh, there was something left out! I am sure there was something on the other page. I forget—"

Allen caught her hand in his.

"Nora, the loss of you nearly killed me, for I love you with all my soul! There was a mistake; but one thing you did say. You said you would not marry a man you did not love. Darling, may I—dare I hope you will marry me?"

He gathered her into his strong arms as he spoke, and her lips were so close he could easily hear the half-whispered "Yes."

"Which means?" he asked tenderly.

"That I love you very much."

The last ray of doubt was all cleared away when Blanche brought her letter to patch out what she called the "epistolary puzzle."

"You know me too well to think that I am only flirting with Mr. Westlock," etc., was how the letter read, then Allen was wholly satisfied.

A Hereditary Ailment.

A great big overgrown tough entered a Grand River avenue saloon recently in search of gore. He was "primed," and he asserted that he was ugly. He even acknowledged that he intended to hurt somebody before he got out, and it would be an injury requiring the united service of at least three eminent surgeons. The barkeeper was reading a novel, head down and elbows on the bar, and he did not look up as the big tough pounded on the cherry and called

"Set 'em up! I tell you to set 'em up for all hands!"

An old farmer who had been warming his shins got up and sneaked out. He said he didn't propose to go back home to Maria a cripple for life. He was followed by a lanky youth with brick-colored hair, who observed that the doctor had forbidden him to fight for the next three weeks.

"Are you going to set 'em up?" howled the tough as he pounded some more.

"No was the quiet reply.

"Then the consequences be upon your own head!"

With this he peeled his coat, and the two remaining men bolted for the door. One excused himself on the grounds that he didn't want to hurt anybody, and the other said he had just licked two men up the street and was waiting for his second wind. As they went out the tough upset a table, and he was about to overturn the stove when the little barkeeper shut up his book with a sigh, came from behind the bar, and exhibited signs of life. He took the tough by the ear and said:

"Two dollars!"

"What for?"

"Damages!"

Two silver dollars were handed over, and then he led the big fellow out doors and marched him up and down the walk three or four times to show him off. By and by he stood him on the gutter, gave him a tremendous kick, and observed:

"Yon go home!"

The big fellow waded through the mud to the opposite side and stood and looked back.

One of the spectators approached him and said:

"You didn't make much of a fight,"

"I didn't, eh? Well, now, I want you to understand that I showed more clear grit in this little fracas than ever before in my life!"

"Then you aren't much of a fighter."

"Say!" replied the man as he dropped his voice to a whisper, "you are dead-right! I go in all right but the minute I'm tackled my sand gives out. I believe it's hereditary, and I'm going to a doctor to be examined."

"You go home!" shouted the barkeeper.

"Yes—I'm going—good day!"

And he went off without once turning to look behind him.

An Astonished Mule.

At St. George, Tucker county, on New Year's morning, some bad boys lit a bunch of firecrackers and threw them in the street to see them go off. Moses Baker's mule came along and swallowed them before they went off. He walked forward just three steps and stopped. He heard something, turned his head around on his side and listened. It was those firecrackers having fun. He picked out a straight piece of road and started. Jake Sturenger's colored servant met him half a mile this side of the old Macedonian Church with head and tail up, fire, smoke and melted lava issuing from his eyes, ears and nostrils, while a blue and green stream of smoke about a rod in length followed in the rear. Baker found the mule sticking half way through the weather boarding of Comp. Powell's house, still smoking. Comp's wife and daughters were up in apple trees.

MAKE surface drains to carry off the water of sudden thaws.

A Despised Accomplishment.

Old Mr. Brown stood in his private office with his back to the fire and his coat tails balanced in either hand. Miss Nelly Torrance sat looking at him timidly from the depths of a big arm chair.

"So you are my cousin Adrian's daughter?" said he, after a long pause.

"Yes," said Nelly, wondering what was in all those mysterious tin boxes, and whether the monster iron safe was full of gold and silver pieces.

"And you want something to do?"

"Yes, please."

"Humph!" said Mr. Brown.

Nelly glanced slyly in his face.

"But," she added, with some spirit. "I am not asking for charity. I am willing to work for my bread!"

"You mean that you would like to daub canvas, or sew yellow sunflowers on green plush screens," satirically observed the old gentleman. "I don't call that work."

"I shall be glad to undertake any sort of honest work by means of which I can earn my own living."

"Humph!" again interjected Mr. Brown, "Can you cook?"

"Yes," Nelly answered.

"My cook went away this morning. I haven't engaged any one in her place. You may come this afternoon and see what you can do for me."

Mr. Brown watched her out of the office with a quizzical twinkle in the corner of his eyes.

"She won't come," he said to himself. "I've seen the last of my fine relation."

And Nelly Torrance went home to a little second-story room, the cheapest which the widow and daughter could possibly find.

Mrs. Adriance Torrance was dressed in black, a fair, delicate piece of human china, who had been like the lilies of the field in that she toiled not neither did she spin, and Lucetta, the eldest daughter, was trying unsuccessfully enough, to trim a black crape bonnet by the window. They had come up from the country at Lucetta's suggestion to appeal, in their poverty to this rich cousin of the dead father and husband, but none of them anticipated any very satisfactory results from the experiment.

"These rich people are always miserly," said Lucetta.

"And I've understood," said the gentle little widow, "that he was not pleased when poor, dear Adrian married me instead of Miss Goldbagg, the rich pawnbroker's daughter."

"Well!" cried Mrs. Torrance, eagerly, as Nelly entered.

"What does he say?" questioned Lucetta, dropping the fold of crape which she was vainly endeavoring to fasten into what the fashion-plate called an "oblong bow."

"I have seen him," said Nelly, untying her bonnet strings, "and I'm going to his house in Grandover Park this afternoon."

"You don't mean," cried Mrs. Torrance, with spasmodic catching of her breath, "that he is going to—adopt you?"

"Not in the least, said Nelly; "now, mamma, darling, don't jump at conclusions. I went to Cousin John. I told him I wanted something to do. He asked me if I could cook. I was able to answer yes. Then he told me that his cook was gone, and asked me if I would come to his house this afternoon and take her place."

"And you?" gasped Mrs. Torrance.

"I said yes—of course."

"Eleanor!" cried Lucetta, "I am scandalized by your conduct! Yes, perfectly scandalized. You will do nothing of the sort!"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Torrance, developing strong hysterical symptoms. "If your cousin Brown intends to insult us."

"But he does not intend to insult us," pleaded Nelly. "He intended the offer in all good faith, and I accepted it in the same spirit."

"You surely do not mean to degrade yourself," cried Lucetta, "by turning—cook—for any man living."

"I don't see," argued Nelly, "that it is any more degrading to cook for Cousin John than it would be to embroider slippers for him, or read the newspaper aloud to him of an evening."

It was 6 o'clock exactly when Mr. Brown let himself into his house with his latch key, which always depended from his watch-chain. The gas jet burned softly behind the rose colored shade in the hall; the fire clicked cheerfully in the grate in the parlor beyond.

"Humph!" he muttered, "she hasn't come. Thought so. There's no such thing as a practical woman nowadays."

At the same moment a light, white-aproned little figure came out of the dining room beyond, and Nelly Torrance's voice uttered the words:

"Dinner is ready, Cousin John."

The old man smiled. He had a pleasant expression of the face when he smiled, and Nelly wondered that she had not before noticed what a handsome man he was.

"Oh!" said he, "did you come then?"

"Oh! I always keep my engagements," said Nelly.

Mr. Brown patted her hand as she helped him off with his overcoat, and he decided to put up with any deficiencies in the cooking. But, to his infinite amazement, there were no deficiencies to overlook. He ate and relished and wondered by turns.

"My dear," he said, at last, when the cloth was removed and the wine and walnuts brought on, "all this is very nice. I'll concede that you are a tip-top housekeeper. But, of course, you ordered all this from Monerato's restaurant?"

"But, of course, I didn't, Cousin Brown," said Nelly, decidedly. "I cooked it all myself."

"Did you prepare that trout sauce and broil that pigeon?"

"Yes, Cousin Brown."

"And that giblet pie—was that yours?"

"Yes, and the giblet pie! Don't look so astonished, Cousin Brown," she added, laughing. "I may as well confess that I took a course of cooking lessons last Summer. And I like it of all things, especially in a household like this, where one can command the very best materials."

Mr. Brown closed his eyes and made a hasty calculation. His life had been "worried out of him," to use a mediocre expression, by capricious housekeepers, inefficient cooks, and untrained servants.

"My dear," he said, "I should like to have you come here and live."

"As cook, Cousin Brown?"

"No—as my adopted daughter and housekeeper. I need somebody to take the helm of my affairs. By Jupiter!" he added, as he remembered the flavor of the giblet pie, "I haven't eaten such a dinner in ten years."

"But my mother," hesitated Eleanor, "and my sister Lucetta?"

"Let them come too," said Mr. Brown.

So the Torrance family found a comfortable refuge for the soles of their feet, and Nelly's despised accomplishment proved the sword wherewith she opened the world's oyster.

Washington's Rules of Conduct.

One of George Washington's early copy-books contains a list of a hundred and ten "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." Here are a few of them:

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

"They that are in dignity or in office have in all places precedency; but whilst they are young, they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

"Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

"Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

"Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

"Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

"Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

"Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

"Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

"Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

These are not unwise rules; they touch on things great and small. The difficulty with most boys would be to follow a hundred and ten of them. They serve, however, to show what was the standard of good manners and morals among those who had the training of George Washington.

Killed at one Shot.

A double murder occured four miles east of New Boston, Ark., recently. As Ritter Barfield and his son William, about 25 years old, were returning home in a wagon from Texarkana, where they had been to sell cotton, they were fired upon from ambush with a shotgun loaded with slugs. Both men were struck in the head and breast, and death must have been instantaneous. They were evidently sitting on the same seat slowly jogging along when the fatal shot was fired. The horses became frightened, and both the dying men were pitched headforemost out of the wagon and were horribly mangled by the horses treading on them. The team ran into the town and stopped at the door of the murdered planter's house. Citizens immediately returned over the road and found the bodies, which were brought in. For several years Ritter Barfield was Postmaster of New Boston, then the county seat of Bowie county and the most thriving town in the county. In September, 1883, the Post Office was mysteriously robbed of several hundred dollars. For a time suspicion rested upon Postmaster Barfield and his son William, who was employed in the office. "Tobe" Barfield, a nephew of the Postmaster, who was also employed about the Post office. Special agents arrested Postmaster Barfield, his son William and his nephew "Tobe." At their trial it was clearly proved that the Postmaster was innocent, and both he and his son William were acquitted, while "Tobe" was found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary for burglary. People now remember that when "Tobe" was about to be removed to the Huntsville Penitentiary he declared at the station that when his time was up he would return and kill Postmaster Barfield and his cousin William, both of whom he bitterly denounced for testifying against him. Nothing was thought of the threat until the mangled bodies of father and son were found lying in the road. The wires were immediately set to work, and a reply came from the warden of the Huntsville Penitentiary that "Tobe" Barfield had been discharged from the penitentiary three days previously. Search was immediately instituted in the neighborhood, and "Tobe" was found stopping at a neighbor's house. He was arrested and brought to town. He pretended that he knew nothing of the killing and will not talk. There is little doubt that he is the assassin, and the prospects are favorable for his lynching unless the officers succeed in eluding the indignant citizens. The prisoner will be taken to Texarkana, the new county seat, as soon as the officers can safely remove him there.

WHEN a wash-boiler begins to rust and is still too good to cast aside, make a good-sized bag of strong muslin or old bed-ticking, put the clothes to be boiled into it, and save them from rust.

Nest boxes should either be thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed, or else burned and replaced by new ones quite frequently.

A SENSATIONAL SCENE.

A Wealthy Broker and his Erring Son Before a Police Court.

A very sensational scene occurred on Exchange Place, New York recently.

"You are a wicked son. I disown you forever."

The speaker, a gray-haired, prosperous looking old gentleman, was addressing a young man. The elder man grasped him by his coat collar and slapped him twice on the face.

"Father, you'll suffer bitterly for this," said the younger man, and hurried away and obtained a warrant for his father's arrest.

The old gentleman was Mortimer Hendricks, the well-known banker of No. 50 Exchange Place. The young man was his eldest son, Elmer, twenty years of age. Elmer served the warrant himself, and two hours later the gray-haired father and his son confronted one another in the police court.

"My father, Montague," said Mr. Hendricks, "died a year ago, leaving a fortune of over $2,000,000. With the exception of $180,000, he divided it all between my brothers. The exception I've named he divided equally between my six children, on condition that I should not contest the will, which I did not, because of my children's sake. Elmer, my oldest boy, seeks to be executor of the estate."

"Why should he do so?" asked Justice Duffy.

"Because he treated my poor brother cruelly," answered the youth.

"To-day," said the father, "he answered me impertinently and I chastised him, as I think it is my right to do."

"Come now, young man, shake hands with your father, who evidently loves you," said the Judge.

"I will not," was the youth's defiant answer.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your father is discharged and I'm sorry he has such a son;" said his Honor.

Brave Tars.

"I was crossing the North Atlantic once in mid winter on a man of war," said a naval officer to a reporter recently, "when one stormy afternoon we sighted a Norwegian bark showing signals of distress. The most tremendous seas were running that I ever saw, but we lowered away a boat and sent her to the bark. She came back, with the information that the bark was loaded with grain and had sprung a leak. The water had caused the grain to swell and had opened the seams of the vessel so that she was rapidly going to pieces. The Captain and crew wanted to be taken off. We sent two boats to the bark to take off the imperiled crew. It was a most difficult and dangerous task. Again and again it seemed as if the boats on an errand of mercy would be overwhelmed by the furious seas, but they were skillfully handled and after hours of toil and deadly peril, all except three of the sailors were taken off the bark. It was now growing dark. The storm was increasing in fury and it was evident that the bark could not live the night out.

"Our Captain called all hands and made a speech, telling them that three men were left on the bark. He said that he knew American sailors would never leave a fellow being in distress, but that it was doubtful if any boat could get to the bark and back safely in the rising storm and the gathering gloom. Then he called for volunteers to attempt the rescue. Immediately there was a rush for the boats by every officer and man aboard the man of war and the Captain had to call for volunteers to keep people from rushing into the boats and swamping them. A boat's crew went off and brought the three sailors back in safety."

Mrs. A. M. Green.

Mrs. Anna Maria, widow of Nathaniel Ray Greene, son of George Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame, died recently at R. I., the age of 102 years, 9 months and 9 days. Mrs. Greene was a native of Newport. Her father was Ethen Clark, member of a family prominent in early Rhode Island history, and her mother was the daughter of Hon. Samuel Ward, colonial governor of R. I. from 1638 to 1676. Mrs. Greene passed her youth in the house where she was born, in that city. Many years of her married life were spent in Georgia. Her husband died twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Greene, until a few days of her death, retained her mental faculties, and although feeble with age she plied her needle in making little gifts for her numerous friends. She took great delight in literature, and read diligently, and, being possessed of a wonderful memory, had a vast store of historical knowledge, which made a visit to her a pleasure. The one hundredth anniversary of her birth was observed two years ago last November in a quiet manner by her friends, and on that occasion, although in a rather feeble state of health, she received her callers with great cordiality, and welcomed them with many cheerful words.

NEW spring bonnets are certainly very beautiful, but it would interest horticulturists to know where the flowers grow that are represented on some of them.

MANY of our leading berry growers approve of the practice of running a cultivator between the rows of their strawberry vines.

GRAHAM MUSH is a good substitute for rich pudding on some occasions. Make just as you do cornmeal mush, but add a few berries or raisins or English currants. Serve with milk and sugar.

MANY cooks consider it a great improvement upon ordinary apple sauce which is to be served with roast goose or with pork to rub it through a cullender, and then to beat it with a spoon until it is very light and almost like pulp.

The rose has its thorns, and beauty is never found without one or more. They may be blunted at the points, but cannot be extirpated without killing the tree.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., FEB. 17 1886.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH A TURK.

Mr. B. Cour'Oghlou Tells What He Knows About the Sultan and His Harem.

Mr. B. Cour'Oghlou, from Turkey, is in St. Louis on a business trip. In the course of an interview the reporter asked him the question:

"How does the sultan occupy his time?"

"When he spares time to come out of the harem he attends to state affairs, which is mostly to keep his ministers in two factions, deadly enemies to each other. He fears day and night that he might suffer the fate of his predecessor, hence this precautionary scheme. Each party tries to gain his majesty's favor at the expense of the other, so that none can do or even speak anything that escapes his knowledge. During his occupation he takes coffee almost once an hour, which is prepared, not like yours, but by Turkish apparatus, making a delicious beverage. His palace is a dive of intrigues. even his chief eunich does not play a small part in them. His official, a full-blooded African, bought in the marts of Egypt, made his way slowly to that high position, the head guardian of the harem. Although he does not read or write a word, he has as much influence as has the grand vizier (the prime minister) himself, and very often advices the sultan on state questions, no doubt in favor of the party who gives the most bakshish. The members of the harem fear him as much as the sultan, because to be in his favor leads to that of the sultan."

"What is the harem?"

"No one knows anything of the sultan's harem. It is impenetrable. All said and written about it is mere conjecture and imagination on the stories of ancient goddesses. The walls around it are like castle walls. No one can free herself from its premises under the penalty of death. Occasionally they are permitted to come out in carriages guarded by mounted guards, who are darker than the night, and if your eyes roam in wonder on the nymphic beauties therein too long, the whip of the black guardian will divert it, to the great laughter of the occupants."

"How many inmates are there?"

"A great many, but not so many as some imagine. The harem of the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, who was deposed, consisted of three boatloads. Although the sultan's family is so crowded, yet according to law he adds each year one more to his harem. This is selected by himself on a certain day out of several which are prepared for this purpose during the year out of the prettiest girls in the country, so that literally I can say that the sultan has the greatest of Circassian beauties. If he was an artist like Bougeraut, I assure you that the world have seen such pictures as were never before witnessed by human eyes.—St. Louis Republican.

Use of Parents as "Material."

So, as there was nobody left but my father and mother, you see for yourself I had no chance. There was one great advantage in dealing with them, I knew them so thoroughly. One naturally feels a certain delicacy in handling, from a purely artistic point of view, persons who have been so near him. One's mother, for instance: Suppose some of her little ways were so peculiar that the accurate delineation of them would furnish amusement to great numbers of readers; it would not be without hesitation that a writer of delicate sensibility would draw her portrait, with all its whimsicalities, so plainly that it would be generally recognized.

One's father is generally of tougher fiber than one's mother, and one would not feel the same scruples, perhaps, in using him professionally as material in a novel; still, while you are employing him as bait—you see I am honest and plain-spoken, for your characters are baits to catch readers with—I would follow kind Izaak Walton's humane counsel about the frog you are fastening to your fish hook; fix artistically, as he directs, but in so doing use him as though you loved him.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A Newsboy's Simple Little Trick.

"Talking about schemes for obtaining wealth," remarked a West End street-car driver to a reporter, "reminds me of a very simple little trick practiced by a 7-year-old newsy who holds out at the Point. He waits until he sees a car in which there are several ladies, then he jumps on board and attempts to sell his papers. Nine cases out of ten he fails, but that don't bother him one bit. He gets down on his knees beside an empty seat, and emptying all the pennies out of his pocket he counts them over very carefully, Of course he attracts the attention of everybody in the car. As he counts an expression of terrible disappointment comes into his eyes and steals rapidly over the rest of his countenance.

"'Jist lost 15 cents to-day,' he exclaims in a doleful voice, and apparently to himself, as he slips his wealth back into his pocket.

"'Say missus,' he continues, 'buy a paper, won't yer, and help me out?'

"Ten chances to one the lady buys, and so do all the other ladies in the car, and probably some of the gentlemen. The result is that the youngster seldom fails to sell out every paper he has.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Status of Medical Education.

The "students' number" of The Progress Medical, describing the status of medical education in thirty countries containing medical schools, makes it appear that the requirements for a medical degree are lower in the United States than in any of the places named, excepting China and Turkey.

SOCIALLY EMINENT.

A RICH SOCIETY MAN DISCUSSING A LUNCHEON IN DELMONICO'S.

The Calm and Discriminating Manner in Which He Received the Salutations of His Friends—Ignoring an Outstretched Hand.

A society man of indubitable eminence sat in Delmonico's restaurant the other day discussing a luncheon composed of a stuffed crab and a small bottle of Burgundy. There is no question about his eminence socially. He is perhaps the most distinctly fashionable bachelor in New York. Directly opposite the window where he sat was a big English mail cart, a perfectly groomed and nettlesome team of bays and a small and correct English tiger, who stood at the pole, as though made of wax. The society man wore a closely buttoned dark coat, which was cut away in front, a light waistcoat, rather square toed boots, an easy looking collar, four or five rings and an air of entire contentment. It is impossible to imagine anything more thoroughly tragical than his manner of slowly consuming a crab. His single glass rested in his eye, naturally and without effort, and when he became fatigued with too much exertion with the fork, he fell to examining his polished finger nails through the single glass.

VERY CALM AND DISCRIMINATING.

Nearly every equipage that rolled by the window, and there was a constant stream of them, exhibited one or two attractive faces, framed in Parisian bonnets. The faces looked eagerly into the window and the greater majority of them smiled a brilliant or cordial greeting to the society man.

Nothing could have exceeded the calm and discriminating manner in which he received the salutations. To none of the ladies did he vouchsafe a smile. Most of them received a nod that was simply and plainly careless and indifferent. It was such a nod as an ordinary man would give a waiter who would ask him if he would have some coffee after dinner. Occasionally, however, he would go so far as to look earnestly at a particular lady, and slowly bend his head forward, while he looked at her intently. The recipient of this particular form of greeting always looked gratified. The waiter hovered around him, and spoke several times about the temperature of the wine, and asked whether the crab was devilled enough, but he attracted no more attention than if he did not exist at all.

The society man did not even look at him, and apparently never thought of uttering a word. When he had finished his luncheon he scribbled his name carelessly across the back of his check, tossed a fee to the other end of the table and yawned. The waiter bowed and stood some distance away. Then the society man fixed his glass a little more more firmly in his eye and stared carelessly about the room. His face was rather pallid, he was quite bald, and his age was perhaps 35 years. His name has been read by hundreds of thousands of people continually for the past ten years as a guest at the most exclusive of dinners, the host of titled visitors, or the leader of the most proper and exclusive cotillion during the season. He is in London during July and August, takes two or three weeks at Newport at the height of the season, goes to Lenox for October, hunts through November, and then vacillates between New York and Washington until coaching days in spring, when the time comes for him to go abroad for the London season.

IGNORING THE OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

He rose from his seat, after staring some time about the restaurant, and receiving half a dozen cordial bows from ladies there, with slight inclinations of his thinly thatched head, and, rising, moved slowly toward the door. A millionaire race horse owner, who was lunching with his son, rose politely and shook hands with the society man, who bestowed two fingers upon him carelessly, and moved on without a word. In the corner of the restaurant was an elderly gentleman and his three daughters. One daughter was extremely pretty. The society man wandered over toward them. All three of the girls smiled and bowed cordially, and the banker rose from his seat with a degree of politeness he had not shown to anyone else who had spoken to him and stretched out his hand. The society man ignored the hand camly, imperturbably nd completely. He barely acknowledged the salutations of two of the daughters, but leaned stiffly over the extremely pretty one, touched the tips of her fingers with his own, half smiled upon the little group and carelessly withdrew.

The banker's hand was still outstretched, but he took it in as gracefully as he knew how and even managed to smile in rather a servile fashion. A moment later he had climbed to the seat of his cart, pulled on his driving gloves, and with a touch of his whip went whirling up the avenue, while the little tiger, with a desperate effort, swung himself into the rumble as the cart rolled away. A dozen faces were turned toward him on every side as he drew his horses into the swim with a practiced hand, but as long he remained in sight he did not raise his head any more than was necessary in acknowledging salutations. This he did by raising his whip hand wearily to the rim of his hat.—"B. H." in Brooklyn Eagle.

What Jockey Archer Has Won.

The returns of the past racing season in England show that the jockey Archer has outdone all his previous performances in the saddle, remarkable as some of them have been, having won 247 races out of 668. This is the greatest number of races which he or any other jockey has won in the course of one season, though Archer had achieved an unprecedented feat last year, when he roade 241 winners out of 577 mounts. Archer has now stood first on the list of winning jockeys for some ten or twelve years, and it is worthy of note that he has won no fewer than 1,300 races in the last five seasons. His success this year includes the two thousand guineas and the Grand Prix de Paris on Paradox, the Derby and the St. Leger on Melton, the Oaks on Lonely, the Middle Park plate on Minting, the Criterion stakes and the Dewhurst plate on Ormonde, and many other two-year-old races of the first class.—New York Sun.

What Is an Impresario?

Mr. Mapleson was a witness the other day in a suit which he brought to recover the duty paid on some armor and costumes he had brought to this country for use on the opera stage. "What is your business?" was asked. "I am an impresario, replied the colone with lofty dignity. "Well, now tell us, Mr Mapleson," said the lawyer, "what is an impresario." "An impresario," said Mapleson, unbending somewhat, and revealing the suggestion of a smile, "is a man who tries to please the public and never succeeds." The answer was deemed satisfactory.—Exchange.

Naughty Boys of the Balkans.

A Turkish proverb says: "One boy can drop into a well a stone which forty men can not get out." The little Balkan states," adds a London tattler, are "naughty boys."

—Good assortment bird cages for sale at Murray drug store. tf

Extreme Feminine and Canine Fashions.

Just now the fashionable dog runs to two extremes—Siberian bloodhounds and fox terriers. The bloodhound should be the size of a horse, if possible, and the closer the terrier approaches to the dimensions of a rat the more particularly lovable he becomes. Fifth avenue is given over between the hours of 12 and 1 to dogs and brisk moving women. It is considered rather English to go out in a tailor-made dress at that hour and stride rapidly up and down the avenue, with an eye on your dog and a whip in your hand.

A woman of balloon like proportions came swinging around the corner of Thirty-ninth street the other day at what might be called the dog hour and stopped, with a look of great importance and a more or less savage scowl, near the lamp post and glared down the street.

She was very tall, extremely cumbersome and of appalling girth. She had a huge whip in one of her gloved hands such as might be used by a lion-tamer. It had two long and braided lashes and it was bound firmly around her wrist and buckled up the arm. She snapped it viciously and called "Cherie, Cherie," in a very thrilling voice. Then she put the horn of the whip up to her mouth and blew a shrill blast on the whistle. In answer to it a close clipped, short nosed, bobtailed fox terrier, with spider-like legs and a general aspect of intense juvenility and flippancy, danced around the corner and went hopping down Fifth avenue, while his ponderous mistress strode, like a fat, wobbly and overfed Diana, after him. He was no bigger than one of her boots.—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

Of course when a man is sound and well he don't care a copper for all the medicines on the face of the earth. He has no use for it. But when disease is eating his life he wants the right prescriptions and he wants it right away. For that reason all who know what Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is turn to that for help, and it never disappoints them. And it is just as beneficial to new friends as old ones. Pleasant to the palate and gentle in its action. feb

The Blair county Prohibitionists have designated the 14th of March as an anti-incense Sabbath, to be signalized by a general effort in all the churches of the county to raise funds to prosecute the temperance cause. It is proposed to raise $500, for use in the next State campaign.

"Why should not the time come when the name of Dr. David Kennedy shall be associated in the public mind with the purification of the blood, as the name of Harvey now is with its circulation. For certainly no other medical man has done as much good to that end as he has And it is also important that people should know that the result of his labors are within reach of all in the form of Dr Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy."—Evening Journal. feb

The little branch line of the Pennsylvania Railroad running out from Manor station to Clearedge, Westmoreland Co., has been completed, and trains run over it this week for the first time. This branch was built to open the rich coal fields lying back in Westmoreland.

You are not old yet your hair are getting thin. Your friends remark it, your wife regrets it. Parker's Hair Balsam will stop this waste, save your hair and restore the original gloss and color. Exceptionally clean, prevents dandruff, a perfect dressing. feb

The Eastern papers claim that two thirds of the criminal business in the Northampton courts comes from South Bethlehem. There must be a great many naughty people in that busy industrial town, or probably jealousy inspires the Easternians.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES Is Used in Lung Troubles.

Dr. Hiram Cadoretio, of Jacksonville, Fla., says: "I have for the last ten months prescribed your Emulsion, to patients suffering from lung troubles, and they seem to be greatly benefited by its use." feb

The manufacture of cigars has become an extensive industry in Adams county, the summer made aggregating 21,650,000. There are fifty nine factories in the county at present.

It is worth remembering that nobody enjoys the nicest surroundings if in bad health. There are miserable people about to-day with one foot in the grave, to whom a bottle of Parker's Tonic would do more good than all the doctors and medicines they ever used. feb

"Cases of alcoholism," when received at the Altoona City hospital, are charged at the rate of $5 per day.

The disfiguring eruptions on the face, the sunken eye, the pallid complexion, indicate that there is something wrong going on within. Expel the lurking foe to health. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was devised for that purpose and does it.

The surviving members of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry intend to hold a reunion.

Catarrh, malaria, dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, and diseases arising from an impure blood, are thoroughly eradicated and cured by the use of Keller's Catarrh Remedy. It is the greatest remedy of the age.

A McKeesport young lady was carried from a dancing room to her death-bed.

From Adam's fall disease came,
When mortal man is not to blame.
For sickness' ills and raging pain
Use Samaritan Nervine, and you will gain
It's known all over the world by name,
Masters diseases and conquers pain;
Cures the sick and heals the lame,
Invented by a man of fame.

A pure and reliable medicine.—A compound fluid extract of roots, leaves, barks and berries is Burdock Blook Bitters. They cure all diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

LOOK! NEW LOCATION! NEW

LOOK! NEW ROOM! FIXTURES!

New Room Opposite the Post Offie.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

E. A. GLENN & Co.,

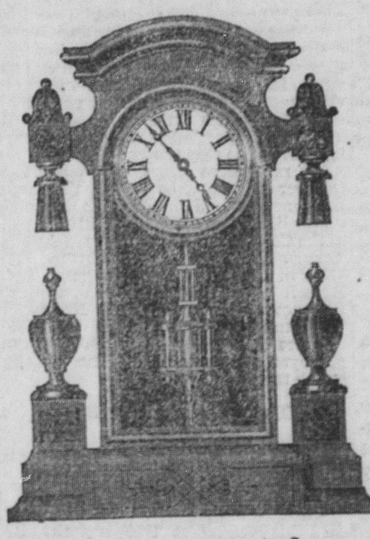
Have just Received a Large Assortment of

FINE SILVERWARE, GOLD PENS AND PENCILS

Rings, Pins, Charms, Revolvers, &c. A complete line of CUTLERY at bottom prices. NEW STOCK of GOLD, SILVER, AND STEEL SPECTACLES. all Sizes and Numbers.

A fine selection of GOLD & SILVER WATCHES always on hand.

Agency for the celebrated ROCKFORD WATCH. Call and see the new CLIMAX CASE.



SEWING MACHINES.

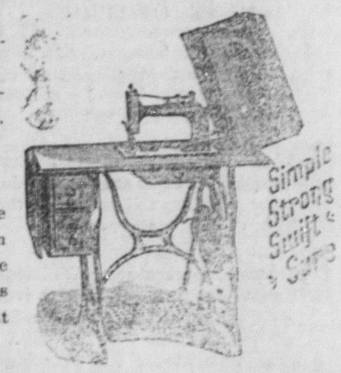
We carry the largest stock of Sewing Machines in the county, made up of the best grade of machines. Among which are the Higharm Davis, with attachments especially adapted for dress makers.

The No. 7 American with the new Button Hole attachment.

The New Home with double feed.

The Household which is an improvement over the Domestic.

We are closing out the Singer machine at reduced figures, from $15 to $20.



Hanging Lamps.

We carry a complete line of these lamps, the Electric and Champion Library Hanging Lamps. Any of these lamps are suited for lighting Churches or other public buildings. Each fount has 50 candle power.

All goods warranted as represented. *J. Q. A. Kennedy, Manager.*

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Surface Indications

What a miner would report upon a system "surface indications" of what is beneath are the Pimples, Skin Eruptions, Blotches, Boils, and Cutaneous Impurities with which people are annoyed in spring and early summer. The effete matter accumulated during the winter months, now makes its presence felt, through Nature's endeavors to expel it from the system. While it remains, it is a poison that festers in the blood and may develop into Scrofula. This condition causes derangement of the digestive and assimilative organs, with a feeling of coperation, tiredness, and weariness—often lightly spoken of as "only spring fever." These are evidences that Nature is not able, unaided, to throw off the corrupt atoms which weaken the vital forces. To regain health, Nature must be aided by a thorough blood-purifying medicine; and nothing else is so effective as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

which is sufficiently powerful to expel from the system even the taint of Hereditary Scrofula.

The medical profession indorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and many attestations of the cures effected by it come from all parts of the world. It is, in the language of the Hon. Francis Jewett, ex-State Senator of Massachusetts and ex-Mayor of Lowell, "the only preparation that does real, lasting good."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1 Six bottles for $5.

IT LEADS ALL IN 1886.

Just as it has led ever since its introduction, so Baugh's $25 Phosphate will continue leading year after year.

True, there are many imitators, but the ORIGINAL will always be found reliable, cheap and lasting.

Thus it will recommend itself upon its own merits by giving the best results always.

If your dealer has none of our goods on hand, send your order direct to us.

For BAUGH'S PHOSPHATE GUIDE, PRICES, etc., address,

BAUGH & SONS,

Manufacturers and Importers,

20 South Delaware Ave.,

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ESTABLISHED 1855.

A SONG OF GRATITUDE.

In olden times, Bethesda's pool
Was famed for healing all diseases;
Once plunged beneath its waters cool,
Each evil, stain and sickness seased.
In modern days we find a cure,
Of worth a rare, as much deserving;
A remedy safe, quick and sure,
Dr. Richmond's "Samaritan Nervine."
For Epilepsy, Spasms, Fevers, Colics, Cramps,
Coughs, Colds, or any kind of Phthysic;
Its merit as a leader stamps
It far above all other physics.
It goes at once right to the spot
Where lurks the danger, never swerving;
In all the world perhaps there's not
A cure like Dr. Richmond's "Nervine."
As in the blood diseases lie;
Each artery, each vein, each curve in;
There's nothing makes ill humor fly,
Like the "Samaritan Nervine."
For old or young for rich or poor,
Whatever class of life you serve in,
To health wide open is the door,
From the "Samaritan Nervine."
Then, do you value strength and health,
And think these blessings worth preserving?
Better than all Golconda's wealth,
Is Dr. Richmond's "Samaritan Nervine."

A WONDERFUL BOOK

Just published, and for sale by the medical book dealers, or may be had direct from the author.

MANHOOD! WOMANHOOD!

An exhaustive treatise on Sexual Exercises, the diseases arising from them, and their treatment and cure: also a brief lecture on Epilepsy and other Nervous Diseases, showing the relationship existing between the Sexual and Nervous System, by Dr. S. A. Richmond, St. Josaph, Missouri. The price is $1.50. Fully illustrated and elegantly bound, containing over 250 pages.

This wonderful book reveals the innermost secrets of nature, and is in fact a key which opens the book of knowledge, and plucks leaves of healing from the tree of life. It treats of subjects which are of immense value to every man, woman and child in the land, and will in all probability save years of sickness and fortunes in doctor bills. Agents wanted everywhere, both male and female. Send at once and get an agent's circular.

RAINBOW RUPTURE RELIEF & CURE.

Simple, safe, reliable and a perfect retainer. It is not a Truss. Worn Day and Night and its presence forgotten. Send for circular with testimonials from grateful sufferers cured by this appliance. Address Central Medical and Surgical Institute 920 Locust St., St Louis, Mo.

Skilful treatment given all kinds of surgical and medical cases. Weakening diseases and private troubles in male and female our specialty. Be sure to write us before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultation free and invited.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANÆMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

New Arrival of Goods

AT NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS

HARPER & KREAMER

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS

NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,

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GLASSWARE. QUENNSWARE,

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COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH

SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,

EVERYTHING

KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highes Market Prices Paid.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

the popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restoring its color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. & $1 sizes at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC

The Best Cough Cure you can use.

Recommended by eminent physicians. Popular for its well known properties of purifying the blood and building up the health and strength. It has made wonderful cures of Scrofula, Rheumatism, Throat, Lung, Liver, Kidney, and Nervous diseases, and has brought health and comfort to thousands of suffering women. Its property of increasing the nourishing quality of the blood, renders it so effective in reviving the vital energies that it often saves life. If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Consumption, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Bowel, Liver, Kidney, or other disease, your blood is defective and is losing its power to nourish and sustain the system. Don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S TONIC to-day. It will give you new life and vigor. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists. Large saving buying $ size.

GROCERIES. GROCERIE

First-Class Groceries

ALWAYS FRESH AND

—CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE—

IN THE VALLEY, AT

A. HARTER'S STAND,

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STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE.

Also Dealer in

NO. 1 FULL ROLLER PROCESS FLOUR.

Also Keeps the Celebrated

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A new House every 18 days in the last 6 years. Our village, only 32 months old, has 4 stores, 2 hotels, 2 churches, school, newspaper, factory, foundry, 4 steamboats, 2 trains and 3 mails daily. Land rapidly advancing. Send, send, send by all means, send for circulars with 4 maps, 36 Photographic cuts of houses, all about the wonderful growth of our colony, its soil, climate, markets, business opportunities, health, prices, terms, and 36 other distinct subjects. Terms for $200 on monthly installments to those having employment, without leaving their situation. Address J. F. MANUEL, Claremont, Surry Co., Va.

LONG SUFFERING

From Stone in the Bladder.

It is by no means strange that Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., should have received the following letter. By reading it you will see in one minute why James Andrews was thankful:

Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir—Until within a recent date, I had for several years suffered greatly from Gravel, called by doctors the Brick-dust Sediment. For about a year past this sediment has not passed off in the usual quantity, but has accumulated, causing me untold pain. Having heard of Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY I tried it, and after using about one and one-half bottles I voided a stone from the bladder, of an oval shape, 7-16 of an inch long, and rough on its surface. I send you the largest piece, that you may see of what it is composed. Since then I have felt no pain. I now consider myself cured, and cannot express my thankfulness and gratitude for so signal a deliverance from a terrible disease. You have my consent to use this letter, should you wish to do so, for the benefit of other sufferers. Yours truly,

JAMES ANDREWS,
No. 10 Marshal St., Ida Hill, Troy, N. Y.

Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" is especially offered as a trustworthy specific for the cure of kidney and liver complaints, constipation and all disorders arising from an impure state of blood.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex "Favorite Remedy" is constantly proving itself an unfailing friend—a real blessing.

There is no more agonizing class of disease, and none more certain "not to get well of itself" than the disorders of the kidney and bladder. The only medicine that affords speedy relief and permanent cure of such affections is Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," of Rondout, N. Y.

DR. SELLERS'
OVER 1,000,000
BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER
FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS,
THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT PRICE.
25 CTS.
COUGH SYRUP

DON'T FORGET THAT
DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES,
MALERIA, MECURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
R. E. SELLERS & CO. Pros. PITTSBURGH, PA.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE
WHISKERS

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

TRADE MARK.
KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY,
THE GREAT
Blood Purifier of the World.
AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR
CATARRH.

THIS most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR
MALARIA.
A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.

One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will POSITIVELY cure. Save doctor bills and try it.

RHEUMATISM.
SCROFULA.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
FEELING OF LANGOUR.
BILIOUSNESS.
LIVER TROUBLES.
NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.

For sale by druggists generally.

PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL F. KELLER & Co. Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.

TRADE MARK.

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THE WINDS OF WYOMING.

AN ARMY OFFICER GIVES A LEAF FROM HIS EXPERIENCE.

Visitation of a Three-Day Blizzard—The First Day and Night of House Rocking—The Chorus of the Third Day.

As we are gradually slipping off into the winter again, and the chances are increasing each day that communication with eastern tenderfoots will be cut off by the terrific winds and snows of this region, I thought that I would write to you before this suspension of news occurred, so that you might state, in your valuable journal, that when last heard from the people at Cheyenne depot and Fort D. A. Russell were as well as they could be at that altitude, or, in other words, that they were having a high old time between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above tide water of a high time; but we endeavor to keep our hilarity within bounds, as a dry joke has to be very carefully handled, on account of the absence of moisture in the atmosphere, and windy dissertations upon any subject are never attempted, since the three-day blizzards from a little north of west, with the thermometer down to from 12 degrees to 13 degrees below zero, show too plainly the futility of man's effort (even if he be a major general) to compete with nature.

All remarks made by sojourners (let us hope and forever pray—for definition see Webster) here are short and easily handled, remarkably alike to their tenor, of about the same temperature as regards their warmth of expression, equally fervent in a religious point of view, and generally embraced in the terse statement, 'd—n the wind!' Now, this highly seasoned remark does not come with the first day and night of house rocking, chimney smoking or snow flying, nor even on the second ditto, although signs may be even then observed of the convusive workings of the jaws and lips; but after the third, as above, it breaks forth as would the cracking of innumerable black-snake whips in chorus, or the fire, in volley, of a plattoon of infantry, all together and with a will.

For a moment silence, made more significant by the outburst, settles on the wind-riven neighborhood, the wind is stilled by the vacuum created by the explosion of public opinion, and then the demon Æolus, with his legions of howling devils, rushes in to fill it, and shrieks, wailings, roars, terrible imprecations fill the air, with a running accompaniment of rattling shingles, banging shutters, slamming gates and the 'devil's tattoo' of sand, which drives against the window-panes that stand between the crouch-inmates and the pandemonium without; but, when, at last, it ceases and the legions, 'horse, foot and dragoon,' have gone 'over the hills and far away,' then one feels like an unstrung fiddle; all of the music has gone out of him, his nerves do not respond: even the silence is an insult, and a weak protest floats gently from his soul as he remarks sotto voce, "Dod dern" such a country.—Maj. W. H. Bell in The Army Register.

A Veterinary Surgeon's Recommendation

A few years ago it was well suggested by an eminent veterinary surgeon that the early signs of rabies should be printed on every dog license, but the disease diminished and the suggestion was never acted upon. The knowledge of these signs, however, is one that every dog fancier, be he undergraduate or shopman, collier or curate, should make a point of possessing. Any change of manner or custom in such a creature of habit as the dog should at once arouse suspicion. If a quiet dog become restless, a friendly one morose and sullen, a lively one listless, an affectionate one quarrelsome, a social one retiring and fond of darkness, a home keeping one prone to wanderings and late hours, there is at once sufficient warrant for watchfulness, if not for isolation.

The licking of cold objects, the swallowing of straw and paper, the tearing of clothes, and furniture, the snapping at airy nothings, are all symptoms of serious import, even without the hoarse, muffled howl which is regarded by experts as characteristic of the disease. Their early recognition is important, for if the case be one of rabies they will probably culminate in a day or two in a fit of mad fury which will leave little doubt as to the nature of the disease: Before that comes, however, every observant and intelligent owner should have isolated his dog, and placed mischief out of his power.—London Saturday Review.

The Early History of Horsesteak.

It is natural that France should have led the way in the open and undisguished return to this particular fleshpot: for, though for long centuries tabooed in England, Germany, and Scandinavia, the use of horseflesh has always tacitly survived in Paris, at all events. After many efforts to put it down the police forbade its sale in 1739, again in 1762, 1780, and 1784, when the preamble of the police ordinance sought "to prevent the diseases which the use of such meat can not but occasion." It is on record that during the revolution all Paris lived once for six months on horseflesh. In 1803 it was officially permitted, but the permission was almost immediately withdrawn. In 1811 immense quantities of it were suddenly seized in the populous quarters of the town.—Saturday Review.

The Deluge of Inventors' Devices.

Every time an accident happens on a railroad the master mechanic prepares to receive a deluge of devices from unknown inventors who believe they have discovered just the thing to prevent a repetition of the disaster. Occasionally an inventor calls on the master mechanic prepared to revolutionize the whole railroad system. Trying to the patience as most of the inventors are, the master mechanic listens to them all. At rare intervals a new device comes along worth testing and then the inventor gets an opportunity.—New York Sun.

The Use of Oil by Vessels.

I was talking again with Commander Bartlett, of the navy, about the use of oil by vessels in dangerous gales at sea, and he showed me the table of disasters to lake shipping during the past season, which showed that sixty vessels were lost, with a destruction of $1,016,000 worth of property and seventy-four lives. He thinks from the causes given for the disasters that at least half of the vessels might have been saved by a judicious use of oil, and hopes that next season the lake captains will try it.—Wash. cor Inter Ocean.

Smoking Universal in Burmah.

Everybody smokes in upper Burmah. The half-naked lad, wearing a silk pattern on the veranda of his father's bamboo hut, smokes; the girl receiving her lover does so with a cheroot in her pretty mouth; and the tender mother, when she has smoked enough, will stop the crying of the baby at her breast by inserting her half-smoked cigar between its tender lips.—Foreign Lotter.

The Kit-Kat is a New York sketch club, with a membership equal to that of Ali Baba's band of thieves.

—Whole pepper ground to order at Murray's drug store. tf

HARD LUCK OF A COLONY

Misfortunes of the Confederates Who Went to Brazil at the War's Close.

During the early part of 1867, directly after the war, a scheme was proposed to establish a colony in Brazil. The scheme originated in Texas, and was under the charge of a Rev. Ballard S. Dunn, who, backed by considerable influence and capital, secured the steamer Marmion, Capt. Berry, which had been fitted out for the purpose, was given permission to dispose of it upon arriving at their place of distination. The majority of the people to form the new colony were drawn from the states of Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas, and, after landing, the settlement was known as the Confederate colony. The new scheme was unsuccessful, and the recent arrival of Mr. Irving L. Miller, together with his wife and grandchild, on the bark Gamaliel from Rio, recalls some of the experiences and failures of those who chanced their future in the new country. Mr. Miller, while stopping in Baltimore, was seen by a reporter, to whom he furnished some interesting information of the results of the colony.

Mr. Miller stated that he was a native of South Carolina, and previous to the breaking out of the war settled in Barbour county, Alabama. When the war broke out he enlisted as a private, and went through the entire service. He for awhile resided in Texas, and when the proposed scheme to colonize was first spoken of he expressed his willingness to be one of the party, and together with his family and in company with several hundred others embarked on the steamer Marmion at New Orleans and went to Brazil. The party started for the port of Rio, and upon their arrival in Brazil divided. The majority of the emigrants were well provided for, and had good prospects for the future. The first efforts of the many were directed toward the raising of cotton. In two of the provinces the labor proved unsuccessful, and experience showed that the land in that section would not produce. In some sections rain was seldom seen, while in other portions, especially in Eguipe, they received too much, which was ruinous to crops.

On the other hand, those who tried their luck in Piricacaba district, in Santo Barbara, were moderately successful. A few made progress rapidly, but, as a rule, the colony was not successful, and the majority of the party lost nearly everything. The party gradually learned the customs and business pursuits of the natives, and in the course of a few years managed to eke out an existence, but never accumulated what might be termed wealth. The principal business in Brazil, Mr. Miller stated, when he left, was the packing of cotton, coffee and cane growing. In the latter industry he was in late years engaged, and very successful. The southern people, he says, were induced to emigrate, owing to the condition of the country, but he thinks they made a great mistake in going too far into the interior of Brazil. Had they remained near Rio, their prospects would have been much brighter. While a few of the colony resided only temporarily in Brazil, a number were so reduced, that to secure a passage to the United States was difficult. A number of families still remain in San Paulo, numbering about sixty; but whenever an opportunity presents itself they return home. They appear contented, but, naturally, like to return.—Baltimore American.

The Log Huts of the Koraks.

In that old country, Siberia, the Koraks build their log huts with a large round hole in the middle of the roof, perhaps twenty feet above the floor; and this is chimney, door, window, all in one. A long log with holes cut in it is set up like a ladder through the hole, and up and down these stairs travel all the family—men, women and children—with the smoke from the fire of wood and peat, or moss, which is built upon a little circle of flat stones in the middle of the hut.

The Korak babies don't get out for an airing very often, even in summer, but as soon as they can toddle about the hut the peep of blue sky and sunshine they get through that wonderful hole makes them try to climb the "pole," that they may see all that is to be seen from the top. These funny-looking little fur-clad Koraks are pretty good climbers by the time they are 3 or 4 years old.

Outside the hut is another ladder pole which isn't much needed in winter, however, for then the snow piles up and hardens with the stinging cold, until, if Santa Claus were only there with his reindeer team he could ride up the roof and straight down chimney easy enough.

The Korak's poor dogs, who live outside, have a nice time then, for they climb to the top of the chimney just to sniff the savory smells that come up from the meat that is cooking so temptingly under their noses. Sometimes, in their scrambling and quarreling for the best place, one of them will drop down the chimney, and a most lucky dog he may think himself if he doesn't drop into the great soup kettle on the fire.—Detroit Free Press.

Providing for a Rainy Day.

O rainy morning not long ago a gentleman on the north side found a tramp lying down in his hay mow.

"What are you doing here?" inquired forcibly.

"Takin' it easy, boss," was the quiet answer.

"Well, you want to get out in quick time, you lazy loafer. Why don't you go to work and earn a living?"

"I don't have to work."

"Don't you! It doesn't strike me that you are a bloated bondholder or monopolist."

"Maybe I hain't now, boss, but I will be."

"Why ain't you at it, then?"

"That's what I am. Can't you see that I'm laying up for a rainy day?"

The gentleman saw, and not only let the tramp stay under shelter, but gave him a quarter to keep for a nest egg.—Merchant Traveler.

He Was Willing to Compromise.

Sam Johnsing has been suspected of stealing dogs in order to obtain a reward. A conversation he had with Judge Pennybunker encouraged the idea that he is none too honest. "Ef a man was ter steal dat fine pointer dog ob yourn, how much reward would you gib ter get him back, Jedge?" "About $5." "Boss, gimme $4 and I'll jess luff dat dog alone. Dem am special rates which I ain't offering to de general public. Dar's a circus a coming, and I'se got ter hab money."—Texas Siftings.

The Weight of a Great Name.

Earl Russel, the inheritor of an illustrious name, who has been traveling in this country, is a young man of a retiring disposition and no particular talents that have yet been discovered. He seems overshadowed by the weight of his name, just as his grandfather, who made it, appeared overshadowed by the stupendous hat he was in the habit of wearing.

Children Who Do Not Attend School.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, ex-postmaster general, said lately that there are a million of children in England who do not attend school by reason of the poverty of their parents. It may be added that in half of these cases drink is the cause of it.—New York Sun.

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BILIOUSNESS.

Bilious symptoms invariably arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhœa, a languid, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Act upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and opens the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of disease. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

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☞We refer to the editor of this paper. eow

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	WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
" "	Montandon	5 46 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 52 a m
" "	Lock Haven	8 18 a m
" "	Renovo	9 25 a m
" arr at	Erie	5 15 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	[illegible]
" "	Williamsport	11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 05 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
" "	Montandon	1 23 a m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 05 p m
" "	Renovo	5 05 p m
" "	Kane	9 25 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
" "	Montandon	5 54 p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
	(Sunday Train.	
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
" "	Montandon	9 37 a m
" "	Williamsport	10 40 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 35 a m
" arrives at	Renovo	12 30 p m
	EASTWARD.	
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	9 [illegible] a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	12 00 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 15 a m
" "	Renovo	10 10 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 10 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 20 p m
" "	Montandon	1 23 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO ACM leaves	Renovo	4 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 05 p m
" "	Williamsport	6 20 p m
" "	Montandon	7 27 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	9 40 p m
" "	Philadelphia	4 45 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	2 40 p m
" "	Renovo	12 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven	12 05 p m
" "	Williamsport	1 20 a m
" "	Montandon	2 24 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
" "	Philadelphia	8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
1 30	10 15	6 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 50
1 50	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 35
2 00		6 25	Biehl	8 45		5 14
2 08		6 32	Vicksburg	8 25		5 06
2 22		6 43	Mifflinburg	8 24		4 52
2 40		6 59	Millmont	8 12		4 33
2 48		7 07	Laurelton	8 03		4 24
3 50		7 57	Coburn	7 15		3 15
4 00		8 01	Zerby	7 06		3 03
4 15		8 15	Rising Spring	6 55		2 45
4 27		8 24	Penn Cave	6 46		2 33
4 40		8 33	Centre Hall	6 37		2 20
4 50		8 40	Gregg	6 29		2 10
5 03		8 49	Linden Hall	6 21		1 57
5 12		8 54	Oak Hall	6 16		1 48
5 19		9 00	Lemont	6 10		1 41
5 27		9 07	Dale Summit	6 03		1 33
5 43		9 16	Pleasant Gap	5 54		1 15
5 50		9 19	Axemann	5 51		1 10
6 00		9 25	Bellefonte	5 45		1 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.25 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7.30 p m.

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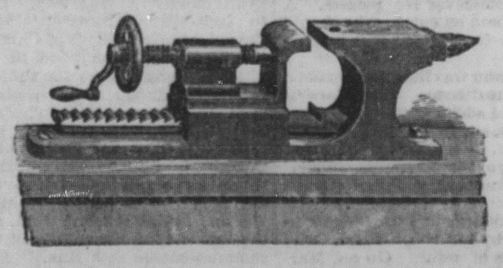

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Between.

Between the sea sand and the sea,
The yellow foam flakes lightly lie,
A very dross of waves, till free
Quick-kissing breezes surge and sigh,
And all the laurels on the lea
Bend low to listen as bends the sky
Where spaces throb with melody,
Then form is wrought to gold, and I,
Silent, find Heaven surrounding me—
In gilded fringe—in breeze's sigh;
Between the sea sand and the sea
Where yellow foam flakes lightly lie;
Where spaces throb with melody
Between the skylark and the sky.

Between the sunset and the sun
Night slumbers on the sleeping bars,
And through its curtain, one by one,
Gleam tender glances of the stars
Between the sunset and the sun.
And so between my love's lips lies
An untold message meant for me;
Whether 'twill bring me sweet surprise
Or dole or doubt or paradise
Is known alone to destiny.
Yet, as I wait, a dream of tears
Between her eyelids and her eyes—
A mystery of mist—appears,
That hints of hope and flatters fears,
And on her lips a burst of sighs,
And on her lids a red that dies
To slumberous shadows that fall and rise
Till as I seek some sign to see,
Between her eyelids and her eyes
Love lights his lamp and laughs at me.

A WARNING OF DEATH.

No superstition is perhaps more widely spread, more universally believed, than that of the "warning" of approaching death. Not a royal house in Germany but has its familiar herald of the destroyer. The "White Lady" precedes misfortune in the palace of the Hohenzollern, the Zaehringen or the Wittelsbach, while the legend of "the double" finds believers among the Scotch Highlanders, the Southern Irish and the peasants of Lower Brittany, and is always considered a harbinger of evil.

Midway between Versailles and St. Cloud, half hidden by the luxuriant foliage, at but a short distance from the road, are the ruins of a Summer house built by the famous Countess Du Barry, the frivolous lady love of the selfish and profligate Louis XV.

One evening the Countess had gathered around the King's table a score of distinguished guests, among them the Minister d'Argeneon; Frigonard the painter, then at the crowning point of his career; Montesquieu, who had embodied the "Spirit of the Laws," and Field Marshal the Prince of Soubise.

Several of them were firm believers in the tricks and mummeries of the "Convulsionists," a sect that had achieved great success during the reign of the Regent of Orleans, but was now fading into insignificance before the wonderful manifestations of the mysterious German Mesmer.

These "Convulsionists" maintained that death always gives warning of its approach to them that heed it, while the followers of Voltaire, who were in the majority, ridiculed the idea as preposterous.

The King was watching the Marshal-Prince, who nodded his head approvingly at every argument adduced by the Convulsionist believers.

"Marshal," suddenly exclaimed the King, "you look as if you could tell us something on the subject of these warnings, if you cared to. Countess, fill our glasses with Tokay, and let your own fair hands pour the wine. It will taste all the better. Let us drink to the dead; they have a place at the banquet."

The guests rose to fill their glasses with the rosy liquid poured out of a Venetian glass decanter by the Countess.

"An't please your Majesty," said the Marshal Prince, after the guests had taken their seats, "I will relate the legend of the Lo' Christs of Brittany."

"The Lo' Christs?" interrupted the King. "Is that not the Keltic name of the old family of Ker' Lan?"

"It is, your Majesty. In lower Brittany they are always called by their older name. All the Breton legends affirm the fact of the dead returning to earth to tell their nearest relatives of approaching death, and this is the case in the Lo' Christ, to whom one of their ancestors always appear a month before they pass away."

The King pushed his silver plate from him and leaned across the table while Soubise continued:

"Admiral Jehan Baron de Lo' Christ was returning from the chase, and had, as usual, dismissed his retinue of servants. Though he was fully sixty he looked hale and hearty as ever as he trotted his horse along the narrow path leading through the forest to the park gate. The sturdy old fellow hummed the chorus of a hunting song of Gaston de Faix's time, while his favorite hound, more tired than his master, abstained from beating around the bushes, and followed quietly in his wake.

"The road led through a little clearing, and as the Baron rode across it he glanced up at the silver crescent of the moon, hung above the tree tops in the dark blue sky, dotted here and there with glittering stars. All at once he perceived that he was not alone; at a little distance was a man hard at work at something or other, he could not tell what, but he pursued his labors with energy by the flickering light of a lantern on the ground beside him.

"The Baron could scarcely believe his eyes when on nearer approach he recognized his old friend the village sexton hurriedly digging a grave."

"Allan," said the Baron, "what are you about? Speak!"

The man did not seem to hear him, so after a pause the Admiral shouted again:

"Allan, old fellow, what are you doing there?"

But the silent worker continued his dismal work and gave no heed. Baron Jehan was brave; he had proved it a thousand times, but now a cold perspiration broke out on his forehead as he asked again:

"Will you tell me why you are digging that grave?"

The old sexton answered never a word as he bent over the edge of the pit and flung out great shovelfuls of earth at the foot of the lantern, while the moon shone full on his bald head and the straggling gray locks at his temples.

The Admiral by a mighty effort of the will, managed to control the emotion rapidly gaining on him. He advanced toward the old grave digger with a gesture of impatience. The latter dropped his shovel and seized his pick without even turning around.

Then Jehu de Lo' Christ caught sight of a marble slab all ready to be put in its place. He bent over and read the inscription:

"Here lies, in the peace of our Heavenly Father, Almighty God, Jehan de Ker' Lan, Baron of Lo' Christ, who was Admiral in the Fleet of our Gracious Lord the King."

As he finished his reading a mist rose before his eyes, took shape, and he saw before him the pleading face of a beloved daughter of his youth. It was bathed in tears and a long drawn sigh broke the stillness of the night as the figure melted away in the darkness. The Baron was as white as a sheet and took his departure with all speed; nor did he draw bridle until he was out of the clearing.

The sexton and his lantern had disappeared; the shadows of the great trees that lined the main avenue fell athwart the road, illuminated by the pale, cold light of the silver moon and the stars flickering in the blue vault overhead.

The sinister vision pursued Jehan de Ker' Lan to the gates of his chateau, but once there the bright lights, crackling fire, and more than all, the festive board, with its generous wines, sparkling hydromel and smoking viands, soon banished all thoughts of evil.

"By the body of our Lord," cried the Baron, "it was hunger that conjured up that ugly phantom. A plague on old men's fancies."

And as he took his seat at the table with his accustomed gayety, he playfully pinched the ear of the pretty serving maid, who placed an enormous haunch of venison before him.

About a month after all this the Baron, who had promised to grace on that day with his presence the wedding of Yvonette, the pretty daughter of one of his farmers, sprang out of his bed in the morning as bright and gay as a boy of twenty. After he had passed through the hands of his valet, who tightened his sword belt and applied powder and pomatum liberally to his hair the Admiral emerged from the presence of his "own man," an old sailor of the Dunkirk fleet, to descend the massive stairway into the great court-yard, where he made his golden spurs ring as he stalked over the flagstones to the beautiful black horse that awaited him—a superb brute, with arched neck and blood-red nostrils, eyes full of fire and little, restless, pointed ears.

And what a splendid looking old fellow is the Admiral, as, notwithstanding his sixty years, he swings himself into the saddle at a bound, seeks and finds his stirrups and pulls his steed together, who, at a light touch of the spur, gives a great bound and is away. The groom who held him barely saves himself. The Admiral is off at a swinging canter and whistles a huntsman's ballad of the Reine Margot.

The park gates are soon reached and as he flashes through them he increases his pace. The fresh breeze seems to irritate his horse. He gallops faster and faster; every now and then he gives a mighty bound and pants with excitement.

His master strokes his neck and tries to soothe him with endearing words, but the brute does not seem to hear. The rider tightens his hold on the reins; the horse, all foam-flecked and covered with sweat, rises straight up in the air, pawing wildly with his fore feet, sinks down again and with a violent tug at the reins that loosens the Admiral's grip on them is off like an arrow. He scours across hill and dale, meadow and plowed field, in his frenzied course.

After a hundred windings he reaches the woods and speeds into it like a whirlwind. All at once he stumbles on a stone, falls to his knees and pitches his rider over his head. The Admiral remained there motionless. He had been killed on the spot. It was where he had seen the old sexton digging the grave.

The King slightly knitting his brows, turned his chair around so as to face the hearth, where the great oaken logs flamed and crackled. He gazed into the embers for a time without speaking.

"Well, Marshal," said the young Duke de Richelieu, a notorious skeptic, "I for one must say that ghost or goblin possesses no terrors for me."

"But you believe in God," answered the Marshal slowly. "He from whom no secrets are hid can certainly unseal your eyes if He sees fit and unveil the future to whomsoever He pleases. A soul that has been on earth, why should it not return to it, since it is immortal?"

The King, who was listening, made a gesture of impatience. The Marshal understood and added quickly:

"Permit me, sir, to ask you whether you remember to have seen at court some years ago the Baroness de Ker' Lan, whose great beauty attracted some attention?"

The King nodded. "I do. She was accompanied by her son, Herve, who became a page of mine. Go on, Marshal, go on," and he turned his chair away from the fire to the table again.

"She was the daughter, your Majesty, of that unfortunate gentleman whose death I have just described. Was there ever a more charming mother or more amiable son? At court an atmosphere of virtue and nobility seemed to surround her, and she outshone all the famous beauties of the capital. When she spake the slightest touch of Breton accent lent an additional charm to her words. When she sang the ballads of our native country the sound pierced through our powdered periwigs and gold laced court dress to make our blood tingle with the memories of our beloved Brittany.

"I passed all last summer at Ker' Lan manor and felt for her the tenderness of a father. Her almost filial affection and pretty confidences about the future of her son were to me a precious boon, and gave me inconceivable pleasure.

"One evening I was in her boudoir. The cool evening air blowing through the open casement was heavy with fragrance of flowers, and the plaintive notes of a solitary nightingale in a bush near the park was borne to us on the breeze sonorous and shrill. Everything suggested rest and peace.

"We sat there talking of a thousand things, but more especially of that adored son, who was then, as now, in the service of your Majesty. All at once Madame de Ker' Lan gave a piercing cry, her face became livid, a trembling seized her limbs. Look in the glass," said the poor lady in a broken voice. "There are candles at my feet. Do you hear the bells? Do you see the shroud? Ah, it is the end of all. Don't you see the old Baron with his bloody face? Oh, what a ghastly wound in his temple. It is the warning of our family. I have but a month more and I must die. Prince, do me one favor. Find my son. Let me see him once more before I leave him."

"On the following day, after a night of agony, the Baroness, in spite of my expostulations, assembled her household, her farmers and her men of law, and proceeded to put her wordly affairs in order.

"I took my departure for Paris, leaving her at the brink of the grave, thinking of nothing now but the repose of her soul and her adored son. Not far from the capital I met a courier from your Majesty with orders for me to join the army at once."

"Well?" said the King, anxiously.

"When I returned I met Herve de Ker' Lang, who gave me an account of his mother's death."

There was silence for a few moments. Then the King rose. As he did so his eyes fell on a Venetian mirror suspended above his head and remained riveted there, while his face turned deadly pale.

Seeing that he had attracted the attention of the guests he mastered his agitation, emptied his glass of wine, and with a gesture of farewell to the company retired to his apartment.

Two months later Louis XV, died of small pox. That evening a hearse, improvised from an old hunting-van filled with straw, bore the King's body to the resting-place of his ancestors in the Church of St. Denis. A single attendant followed on horseback, the Breton page, Herve de Ker' Lan.

The Prince de Soubise relates in his memoirs that when on the night of the supper at Madame Du Barry's he looked over the King's shoulder into the Venetian mirror he saw there Louis XIV, as he appeared in death, laid out in state upon his bier, and that it was this sight that blanched the cheeks of Louis XV.

Widowhood in Hindostan.

An illustration on a more extended scale of the favorite human art of self-tormenting would be hard to find than the custom of enforced widowhood in Hindostan. When a Hindoo dies the relatives shave the widow's head and clothe her in coarse garments. Henceforward she may wear no silk, gold or silver. She takes her meals apart, and is put to the lowest household work. Her touch pollutes. Voluntary austerities if she be conscientious and involuntary degredation in all cases are her miserable lot. There is no refuge for her from her wretched and unhonored isolation without loss of honor. Her religion and social usages strictly forbid remarriage. Cast, not civil law, condemns her, and is more powerful than any imperial code. She and a second husband, if she venture and can discover a man with equal courage to remarry, become outcasts. His and her families are often visited with the same penalty. To a woman of advenced middle age, with children to atone to her by their fondness in private for the public barbarity of superstition, the ordeal must be severe. Multitudes of the sufferers are scarcely more than children themselves, and to them it is death in life. The Indian system of infant marriage does not necessarily imply the atrocious treatment of widows. It aggrivates the horrors infinitely. Wives of 10 have their subsequent half century or more of life blasted without a single gleam of hope. Hindoos commonly wed when far advanced in years or enfeebled by dissipation. They consign their poor young brides, after a brief interval, to what is a deeper grave than their own. Half the Hindoo race has this dreadful doom in prospect; and millions in reality undergo it. No one is the better, and countless hosts of lives are unspeakably, the worse for a rule which can assert no legal authority, yet it is a spiked chain about the neck of every Hindoo woman.

William Penn.

It is pleasant to picture the childhood of this man who was afterwards to be the founder of Pennsylvania. It was spent chiefly in Wanstead. He went to Arch-bishop Harnsnett's school, at the neighboring village of Chigwell.

Before he left the school he believed himself to have been the subject of a special visitation. It was in his twelfth year, when he was alone in his room, he tells us, "he was suddenly surprised with an inward comfort; and, as he thought, an external glory in the room, which gave rise to religious motions, during which he had the strongest conviction of the being of God, and that the soul of man was capable of enjoying communication with Him." He seems to have looked upon this as a first call to a holy life. But his convictions cannot be dated from this event, which was probably nothing more than the waking dreams of a boy whose consciousness of high and holy things was springing into life.

His education was carefully looked after by his parents, who probably destined him for public services. For some years he studied under a private tutor at his father's residence on Tower Hill. It was not until after the Restoration that he was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Christ Church, Oxford. Yet, soon after he commenced residence at the University, he came under Puritan influence. Perhaps of all sects, none were at this time more discredited than the Society of Friends. But at Oxford their views were taught by a notable preacher, Thomas Loe, a disciple of George Fox, who was destined to exercise the greatest influence over William Penn. Thomas Loe was imprisoned for his faith, but not before his teachings had taken root, and William Penn headed a little band of undergraduates in resisting the new mandates against Non-conformity! Within the walls at Christ Church, Penn organized a little congregation of his own, just as in the next century Wesley formed another inside the precincts of Lincoln College.

THE FIENDISH SIOUX.

The Terrible Manner in Which a Stalwart Soldier Was Tortured by Indians.

The chief sent for me and gave me to understand that I might go and talk with the prisoner. At the time I took it as a gracious favor but later on I saw that it was only the first step on the programme of torture. They wanted to torture the poor fellow mentally as well as physically. I at once went over to him. He was dust-covered and blood stained, and evidently half-dead of thirst. Before speaking to him I brought him a gourd of water. The vessel held a full quart and he drained it to the last drop before he looked up.

"My God! You are a white man!" he exclaimed, as he saw my face.

"Yes, but a prisoner like yourself."

"Oh! you will save me, won't you? These infernal devils are going to torture me!"

I promised to interfere for his life, though holding out no hope that I could save it, and then asked:

"What command do you belong to?"

"Gen. Sully's."

"Where is it?"

"I was captured about twenty miles from here, and we broke camp this morning."

"Who was your captain?"

"Capt. Smith."

"What is your name?"

He promply replied to the query, but I cannot now recall the name; it was like Saulsbury or Slaterly. He had the most direful forebodings of the immediate future, and anxiety and ill-usage had almost driven him crazy. He was a large, stout man, with black hair and deep-black eyes, and had evidently been in the service for years. He might have been termed a game man, but the fear of torture made a child of him. At his earnest solicitation I went to seek the chief, but before I reached the tent a crowd of warriors seized the prisoner and hurried him to a stake driven in the clear space in the center of the village.

I saw that I was too late, and started for my lodge, but before I reached it I was seized by two bucks, and hurried to the stake and made to sit down on the grass beside a sub-chief. The head chief had a seat a few feet away, and his countenance expressed the great satisfaction he had anticipated. The soldier's arms were tied behind him to the stake, while his legs were left free. Such terror and anguish I never saw in a human being before or since. He entreated me—he begged the chief—he appealed to the Indians to save him. He offered to be a slave—a dog—to join them and fight the whites—to do anything on earth to preserve his life. I was half wild, but dared not even reply to him, while the chief and spectators mocked him.

At a sign from the chief the torture began. The soldier, as I had neglected to state, was stripped stark naked. The first move was to cut a great slice from his left arm just above the elbow. The piece was held up to view and then thrown to the dogs. The man shrieked and shouted and tugged at his bonds, but while so doing a slice was cut from the calf of his right leg. Blood flowed so freely that I believed he would be a dead man in five minutes. Then his other arm and leg were sliced, and his calls for mercy were answered by sneers and laughter.

Then, at brief intervals, the prisoner's ears, nose and chin were cut off, his body cut and slashed, his toes severed from his foot, and brands of fire held against his legs and body that the braves might see him squirm and dance. Even now, fifteen years after, I grow faint at the thought, and I shudder as I recall his groans and shrieks. As I sat there before him I neither turned my eyes away or fainted. There was a horrible fascination which I could not shake off, and then the feeling was strong upon me that I would be the next victim.

The torture continued for a full hour, during which time the man never fainted once, and there was scarcely an instant when he was not pleading and begging for mercy. He was dyed in blood after the first five minutes, and it ran down until the ground was saturated, but it was certainly a whole hour before he gave up. Along towards the last, when he showed signs of fainting, the knives where applied to a fresh part and the fire-brands thrust again him, when he would at once revive. At length he fell forward, almost gone, and a warrior stepped up and scalped him. This was a signal to about twenty boys in waiting, and they at once rushed in, each armed with a knife, and cut and slashed and stabbed, until what was left of the poor body resembled a piece of bloody beef.

Wealth of Some Americans.

Among the richest American estates ever gathered is that of the Astor family. Efforts are made to conceal the enormous figure that would express the worth of the property, but it is probable that $30,000,000 is not an extravagant estimate. The estate of William H. Vanderbilt was $200,000,000. A. T. Stewart was worth at the time of his death fully $60,000,000, a large part of which has gone one way or the other, but mostly the former. Jay Gould may be credited with $100,000 000, and just as much more as he pleases to make. Armour, the Chicago hog-packer, is worth $15,000,000. Mackey, whose step-daughter, the child of a camp-barber, married the Prince of the ancient house of Colonna, is worth at least $200,000,000, and Fair, his former partner, has fully that amount. D. O. Mills is worth at least $7,000,000, and Elwin D. Morgan, the heir of the ex-Governor, has $30,000,000. James Gordon Bennett, one of the richest of the young men of America, has a fortune of $15,000,000. Miss Catharine Wolfe, the wealthiest spinster in the country, has nearly $15,000,000, and is the last of her line.

WHEN the ground around a pigpen is as thoroughly underdrained, as it should be, bare earth makes the best and certainly the most desirable floor. A fresh supply of loose earth should be thrown in twice a year and removed as manure whenever it becomes rich enough.

FASHION NOTES.

—Double muffs, one for each hand, are found in the ends of the mantles.

—Lisle thread and silk gloves are shown with a fleece lining, making them desirable for winter wear.

—The waists of mourning dresses are made to imitate a gentleman's coat, a bright-colored material being set in vestwise where the shirt would be.

—A great deal of applique work is outlined and filled in with needlework, in which wide gold thread and tinsel are used.

—What are called hunting jackets are worn by young ladies at home. They are made of corduroy, and have huge soup-plate-buttons made of horn. In Paris they would probably be called chic.

—They say that the latest in waterproofs is surah with a rubber lining, but which is so light that it falls in as graceful folds as though the silk were the only material used.

—This season has not produced anything prettier than lace muffs, which are carried at the receptions and have natural flowers fastened to them by a gold or other ornamental pin.

—Jet bonnets, jet collars, jet belts, jet plastrons, jet buckles and jet on every imaginable part of the costume, and yet we wonder why women are tired when they carry such a weight of wardrobe.

—Velvet flowers are lovely, and now come velvet feathers, which are so true an imitation of the natural ones that it is to be hoped they may be adopted, and allow the little birds to go free and remain unmolested.

—There are many varieties of lace caps for elderly ladies, and now that the young people are well cared for in fashions for a month or two, many suggestions are coming for those thus far neglected by Dame Fashion.

—A very pretty effect is seen in the new dark velvets, the tiny brocade figures having the appearance of jewels. The latest novelty in Paris jewelry is a gold anvil with the smith's hammer lying upon it. It is called the "bijou maitre de forge," and is made in various sizes for brooches, clasps, sleeve buttons and earrings.

—The Cromwell shoe holds its own and a pretty make it is, with patent leather fronts and morocco back, having a simple buckle in front; it is most becoming to the foot. Embroidered shoes, boots and slippers are much worn, the more elaborate the embroidery the better, and the raised work in saddlers' silk is really beautiful.

—Effective dresses are made entirely of plain tulle in several shades of the same color. If in pink, the first skirt would be of deep pink, the second a lighter, the third still lighter, while the outer skirt would be the delicate tint of a blush rose. The bodice would be of blush rose plush with the shaded effect peculiar to the fabric. Shaded ostrich feathers trim these dresses.

—The richest gowns for afternoon entertainments, call and home receptions during the daytime are made of velvet and trimmed in fur, passamenterie and beaded ornaments in many designs. Black velvet, which is never out of style for matrons, is but little worn in comparison with those of dark rich tints, such as maroon, green, copper and tobacco brown. Skirts of velvet costumes are made very plain, there being drapery of moire or watered ribbon, which forms an elaborately looped sash.

—A new winter head covering, called the "Bois de Boulogne" riding hood, is added to the list of those pretty and most comfortable of protectors now in fashion. The latest novelty is made of golden brown satin, the rounding head portion covered with a network of golden brown beads. The hood is lined with gray plush and edged with very narraw bands of golden brown beaver. Just in front, above the fur trimming, are set three full pompons powdered with bronze dust. This little hood is very becoming of itself, and the glittering crown face trimmings render it doubly so.

—For those to whom the stately style of coiffure is found most becoming, there are now a number of pretty and graceful modes of arranging the tresses. One is called the "Leah" style, in which the hair is all combed to the crown of the head and there tied. A very wide baske-tpleating is then made of the entire length of hair, and when completed this is laid in a high upright coil about the head and above the waved front. A large jeweled comb is set at the back just where the hair is first tied. For another style, the hair is tied, then disposed all over the crown of the head in coils or soft loops, these held in place by headpins set with "electric" diamonds. With evening dress blondes wear strings of pearls intertwined with these coils; brunettes choose garnets.

—Never before have flowers and ribbons figured so extensively in evening dresses and ball costumes. Separately they have been ever in demand, but as combination is all the style this winter, and both natural and artificial flowers are used, these groups of flowers, which are generally made up with long leaves, tendrils or clinging vines, are fastened on the folds of the drapery of the skirt or overdress, on the shoulder and on the bosom and in the hair. Feathers are sometimes added to the flowers worn in the hair in imitation of the English court costumes. Moire and satin ribbons in light shades are generally used for these flower combinations. The ribbon is generally four or five inches in width, and long, unequal ends are quite a characteristic of this new fashion. Velvet ribbon in brilliant red is used in trimming black dresses for occasions of half ceremony.

IRON STAINS.—These may be removed with juice of lemon, or of sorrel leaves; but if these fail, moisten the stain spots with water and rub on a little powdered oxalic acid. Wash the acid off thoroughly soon after it is put on, or it will eat the cloth. Also wash it from your hands and keep it away from children, for it is poisonous in the mouth. Ink stains may be taken out in this way. Acids had better be used only on white goods.

HORSE NOTES.

—Wanda is not likely to race again. She has a bad ringbone.

—Nathan Strauss, of New York gave $2000 for Kelsie; record, 2 23¼.

Alden Goldsmith will assist Edwin Thorne in managing the Poughkeepsie Driving Park.

—The old gelding, Hopeful, (record 2.14¾, wagon record 2.16½) is to be raffled for at New York on March 6.

—The b. g. Alley Bonner, trial of 2 23, by Startle, will be trained for the coming season by C. S. Burr, at Comac.

—Hamilton Farrell, of Mount Moriah, has lost by death his stallion, Messenger, by Messenger Chief, valued at $3000

—W. H. Wilson, of Cynthiana, Ky., has lost by death his much-prized yearling filly by Simmons, out of Lady de Jarnette.

—George Work, of New York, has purchased from B. J. Tracey, Lexington, Ky., the b. g. Campbell, by imp. Gleneig, for $750.

—The trotter Willie F., that took part in the ice trotting at Poughkeepsie, on Thursday, was sold to W. F. Shay, of Athens, N. Y., for $1000.

—Crit Davis, the well-known trainer and driver of trotters, of Harrodsburg, Ky., has recently purchased ten more acres of ground to add to his home.

—Matt Byrnes, the Rancocas trainer, is to open a public training stable near the Monmouth Park race course. He will have Olney and Rafferty as jockeys. Matt Feakes will be second trainer, and all the Rancocas Stable lads will remain in his stable.

—Benjamin R. Davis, who with his brother, D. D. Davis, owned the celebrated old gelding Hickory Jim, accidentally took some morphine pills in the place of vegetable pills, at Brighton Beach, on the 29th ult., and before assistance could be summoned he died, in great agony.

—George Nelson, Sr., who at one time trained horses at the old Hunting Park Course, had a stroke of paralysis at his home, in Baltimore, on January 13, from which he died, aged 66 years. He drove the old-timer Felix, and brought out Bashaw, Jr., and more recently Stonewall.

—Matthew Byrnes, the Rancocas trainer, in explaining why Mr. Lorillard sold Falsetto, sire of the now famous filly, Dew Drop, said: "We did not like him. If he covered a couple of mares close after each other he'd get off his feed; he acted like a horse of delicate constitution."

—The Pacific Coast Board of Appeals has suspended for one year J. R. Weller, George Bement and F. R. Burke, the judges of the race that took place at San Jose, Cal., last fall, between Guy Wilkes, Adair, Marion and Nellie R. The case of Andy McDowell, who was expelled at the Bay District track for pulling Thapsiu, was held under advisement.

—Wesley P. Balch, of Boston, was instrumental in selling four horses for $90,260, the largest prices ever realized by one man for the same number, viz.: Fearnaught to Colonel H. S. Russell for $25,000; Purity to the late Thomas P. Wallace, of New York, $25,000; Parana to Major Higginson for $18,260; Wedgewood to the same party for $22,000. All of these horses passed through Mr. Balch's hands.

—W. L. Jones arrived in New York recently from Tennessee with the b. m. Croxie, record 2.19¼; Tyrolean, an imported French carriage stallion, and Rosewood, 2 27, by Blackwood, for Mr. Harrison Durkee; a 3-year-old colt from Woodburn for E. Snow, of Rome, N. Y.; a 2 year-old colt by Alcyone, dam Ericsson, for S. E. Rundell, of Danbury, Conn., another 2-year-old for N. Strauss.

—Forty-eight horses that ran last year won eight or more races, as follows: Barnum, 21; Jim Douglas, 15; Tom Martin and Little Minch, 13 each; Belle B. Colonel Sprague, Logan and Hickory Jim, 12 each; Hazaras, Kosciusko, Pearl Jennings and Ben. Thompson, 11 each; Valley Forge, Monogram, Bob, Kirkman, Beaconsfield, Farewell, Leman, Bob Miles, Bersan, Tattler, Modesty and Deasel, 10 each; Donald A., Captain Warren, Lord Clifden, Strathspey, Whizgig, Favor, Ascoll and Bessie B., 9 each; Olivette, Miss Goodrich, Binette, Mamie Hunt, Ned Cook, Tabitha, Joe Cotton, Quebec, Freeland, John A., Pontiac, Chantilly, Windsall, Jim McGowan, Punka and John Sullivan, 8 each.

—Mr. P. Lorillard, who has contributed so much to the development of racing in America, has decided to retire from the turf and will sell his racing stable under the hammer at Rancocas on February 27. It includes the six-year-old Drake Carter; two five-year-olds, Pontiac and Emperor; three four-year-olds, among them Unrest; nine three-year-olds, one of which is the flying Dew Drop, and twelve two-year-olds, the get of Mortimer and Duke of Magenta. Wanda will not be offered, as she is retired for breeding purposes. Mr. Lorillard's career on the turf began in 1871, when he purchased the English mares Girasol and Bluestocking from Sir Joseph Hawley. The first horse Mr. Lorillard ran was a colt called Free Lance, in 1873. At that time his colors were "scarlet, with blue cap." Saxon won him the August Stakes of 1873, at Monmouth. In 1874 he adopted the since famous "cherry and black." Saxon won the Belmont, and what with Attila, James A., etc., he had a good year. In 1875 he had Parole, Cyril, Faithless, etc., and in 1876 Parole, Shirley, Merciless, Barricade, Idalia, James A., Courier, Pera, etc. In 1877 Parole was still at the front, and Zoo Zoo, Perfection, Bombast, Basil and Spartan kept the stable well in the front. In 1878 Garrick, Bayard, Bertha, Pique and Uncas did fairly well. In 1879 Mr. Lorillard began his venture on the English turf, followed by the great triumphs of Parole, Paw Paw, Geraldine, and later by the crowning glory of Iroquois. Since then Duke of Montrose, Hiawassa, Pizarro, Drake Carter, Pontiac, Wanda, Chimera, Dewdrop, Cyclops and Savanac have been among the stable's great winners.

JUST AS BAD AS PAINTED.

WIDESPREAD COMMOTION CAUSED BY THE TERRIBLE CONFESSION OF A PHYSICIAN.

The story published in these columns recently, from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle*, created a deal of comment here as it has elsewhere. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well-known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper a few days ago which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed necessary.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence on Andrews street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued, such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious. The medical profession has been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints, which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

'Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner, who was visited at his establishment on North St. Paul street, spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80, its growth was over 230 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off, and is taking off every year, for while many are dying apparently of paralysis and apoplexy, they are really victims of kidney disorder, which causes heart disease, paralysis, apoplexy, etc. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked, and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; *I* have Bright's disease of the kidneys.' And in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die both by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience; what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty, I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not providentially used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?" was asked Dr. S. A. Lattimore, one of the analysts of the state board of health.

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Do you think Mr. Warner could [illegible]

"No, sir. I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

Dr. Henion was cured *five years ago* and *is well* and attending to his professional duties to-day, in this city. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, but that it can be cured if taken in time.

FARM NOTES.

WE HAVE learned many important facts regarding nutritive values of various foods for different kinds of stock. Corn is of course the great staple for fattening any kind of animals, but for growing them or encouraging milk production many kinds of feed are more economical. In fact, neither corn nor corn fodder, nor both together, should be entirely depended upon, as food for young animals of any kind. It is here, perhaps that one of the objections to a wholesale feeding with ensilage will come in. Corn will always be the staple food for ensilage in this country. So much more of it can be grown per acre than anything else that it will always have the preference, especially when the excessive amount of sweet juices in the cornstalk, which make it difficult to cure in any other way, constitute precisely the conditions best adapted for preserving in the silo. It is quite likely that an increasing proportion of our corn fodder will be made into ensilage, and when this is fed with other substances containing a larger proportion of nitrogenous food the feeding of ensilage will produce better results. It is no disparagement to the ensilage system that as this food is usually prepared it is not a perfect ration. This is a fault of the corn crop, which has been used for feeding too much to the exclusion of other grain. For growing stock, oats, barley or peas are each better than corn. So are the coarser parts of wheat commonly used for feeding stock. We have known horses kept in good working condition on bran and a small amount of hay. It is certainly a much more sensible working ration than feeding largely on corn, the effect of which is to encourage the accumulation of fat which is not needed, rather than of muscular development. Yet in large portions of the country working horses are fed mainly on corn.

WINDOW PLANTS.—The window garden and greenhouse, should now be gay with bloom, and repay the earlier care. Bring potted bulbs from the cellar, to give a succession of bloom. Those out of flower should have the stalks cut away, and the leaves allowed to grow until they turn yellow, when the pots may go to the cellar. Insects, dust, and dryness of the air are the chief enemies of the window garden. The Red Spider is so small, that it is rarely seen. The leaves turn brown, and soon fall. Examine the lower surface of the leaves with a magnifier; if a red or brown mite is seen, it is the red spider. Syringe the under side of the foliage frequently and copiously, laying the plant on its side in a sink or bath tub; this is the only remedy. For Greenfly, or plant lice generally, syringe with tobacco water. Mealy-bug and scale insects, are best removed by hand-picking. If earth-worms infest the soil of pots, saturate the ball with clear lime water. It will not hurt the plants if soon watered with rain water. If a very cold spell comes on, remove the tender plants to the middle of the room at night, and cover them with some light fabric, or with newspapers.

SALT FOR POULTRY.—Hens often have a habit of biting and pulling their feathers and greedily eating them until their bodies are bare. This practice, it is believed, is occasioned by want of salt, as when salted food is given them they make no attempt to continue the habit. Salt pork, chopped fine and fed twice a week, has been adopted with success, while others put a teaspoonful of salt with two quarts of meal shorts moistened, well mixed, and fed twice a week. Fowls, like human beings, to be healthy, must have certain allowances of salt.

IN the majority of cases potash is the most effective single fertilizer for a sandy soil in the absence of stable manure. Wood ashes unleached contain from 6 to 10 per cent. of potash, and rarely ever fail to be of great service on light soils. But as light soils are easily exhausted it is quite probable that the fertilizer known as complete manure will be the best, as it contains all the elements of stable manure and plants, and therefore supplies every want of a crop.

A YOUNG horse that has stood upon a hard floor all the winter without exercise will be apt to suffer from stiffness of the limbs. This may be some time in passing off and may never be overcome. The treatment of such a case should be to rub the limbs briskly morning and night with some stimulating liniment, or alcohol alone, after fomenting them with warm water. Gentle exercise and not hard work should be given at first.

THE factory system of butter making insures greater uniformity and a generally better product than is produced by butter made in the private dairies. But with cheese this has not always been the fact. There are greater temptations to lower the quality of cheese than of butter, as in most places in this country there is much too little difference between the price of poor cheese and of good.

ACCORDING to the report of a Dakota farmer, his field of barley grew thirty-eight inches in thirty-eight days, or at the rate of an inch a day.

AT A recent sale of sheep in Michigan two imported Southdown ewes sold for $42 each. Some Hampshires were sold singly, bringing $16 for spring lambs to $150 for yearlings.

A dose of Red Star Cough Cure will prevent you disturbing the congregation and put you in a right frame of mind to enjoy the services. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle.

W. H. Worthington, editor of "Patrons of Husbandry," Columbus, Mass., writes Feb. 25 1882: "Your great remedy, Allen's Lung Balsam, I have used in my family for fifteen years, for coughs and colds, and know it to be the best." Price, 25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle, at Druggists.

A prosy man is like the clack of a mill when it is empty.

ELY'S CREAM BALM has entirely cured me of a long standing case of catarrh. I have never yet seen its equal as a cure for colds in the head and headache resulting from such colds. It is a remedy of sterling merit. Ed. L. Crosly, Nashville, Tenn.

All impediments in fancy's course are motives of mere fancy.

When you have tried everything else in creation for that bald head of yours, you will probably tumble to the fact that Carboline is the only Hair producer that will do the work properly and well.

Great souls invite calamity, as lofty mountains the thunder clouds.

EVERY MOMENT OF OUR LIVES our bodies are being built up anew with fresh matter. If the blood is not renewed the system is poisoned by the worn-out matter clogging the vital organs, instead of leaving the body. For weak, or impure blood, producing dyspepsia, biliousness, fevers, and skin, liver and kidney troubles, use DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS.

The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

To-morrow is the day on which lazy folk work and fools reform.

How to Shorten Life.

The receipt is simple. You have only to take a violent cold, and neglect it. Abernethy, the great English surgeon, asked a lady who told him she only had a cough: "What would you have? The plague." Beware of "only coughs." The worst cases can, however, be cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM for the LUNGS. In Whooping Cough and Croup it immediately allays irritation, and is sure to prevent a fatal termination of the disease. Sold by druggists.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for a patient as healthy weather.

"Your *Hop Plasters* relieved me of Backache when I could not turn in bed, after using several other kinds of plasters and liniments," says Mr. Spencer Larkin, of Farmingdale, Long Island. All druggists. 25c.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

WITH Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain or dread, and with perfect safety. Try the remedy. It cures Catarrh, Hay Fever and Colds in the Head. It is easily applied with the finger and gives relief from the first application. Price 50 cents. At druggists. 60 cents by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

The claims as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are based *entirely* on what the people say it has done for them. Send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a book containing statements of many remarkable cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

By the very constitution of our natures, moral evil is its own curse.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

Frazer Axle Grease.

There is no need of being imposed on if you will insist on having the Frazer Brand of Axle Grease. One greasing will last two weeks.

If ever I am an instructor it will be to learn more than to teach.

The longest pole knocks the persimmons, and Bigelow's Positive Cure knocks all coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, influenza and consumption. Pleasant for children. Safe and speedy. 50 cents.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who does the injury.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

3 months' treatment for 50c. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.

A thankful spirit has always fresh matter for thankfulness. To praise God for the past is the sure way to secure mercies for the future. Prayer and praise live or die together.

TIRED OUT!

At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

—THE BEST TONIC

For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and is the only Iron medicine that is not injurious. It Enriches the Blood, Invigorates the System, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion

It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do*

MRS. EVA J. HYDE, Dawson, Pa., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for general weakness, and have been greatly benefited. It gave me a good appetite and removed that tired feeling that has been so common with me. I cheerfully recommend it as a most valuable medicine.

MR. T. S. LEGRUNER, Lynchburg, Va., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for general weakness and lassitude. I had no appetite and always felt tired. One bottle of this valuable remedy removed the trouble and made me feel better than I had in 18 months or two years.

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ANAKESIS.

PILES

"ANAKESIS" gives instant Relief, and is an infallible CURE for PILES. "ANAKESIS" is sold by Druggists everywhere—Price, $1.00 per box. PREPAID, by mail Samples sent FREE by P. NEUSTAEDTER & Co., No. 23 Mercer St. New York, Sole manuf. of "ANAKESIS."

1,000,000

Acres of land for sale, from $2.50 to $10.00 per acre Nebraska is the place to get rich. Send for catalogue with description of every county in the State.

C. E. MAYNE, REAL ESTATE BROKER,

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

U.S. STANDARD JONES OF BINGHAMTON

5 TON WAGON SCALES,

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box.

$60 AND

JONES he pays the freight—for free Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N.Y.

All People Appreciate Honest Goods.

MIDDLESEX

INDIGO-BLUE FLANNEL SUITS

ARE ALL PURE WOOL.

Always look well and give long service. Coats of the **genuine article** have on a silk hanger, "Only garments made from Middlesex Flannels bear this name." **WENDELL, FAY & CO., Agents. MIDDLESEX CO.**" Boston, New York, Philadelphia.

Sold by all Leading Clothiers.

Some interesting particulars are given by M. Escalle, director of the important works at Tamaris, in regard to the employment of blocks of compressed coal, in lieu of coke, for blast furnaces. With the ores of the country, which are argilo-silicious and small, the quantity of compressed fuel employed is 20 per cent., but with those of Motka or Pilian it reaches regularly 30 per cent. It has been found that by use of these blocks a much higher temperature of hot blast is obtained, and that the proportion of combustible consumed—coke and compressed coal included—per ton of pig iron produced is less than with coke alone. M. Escalle attributes this result to the quantity of water, 1½ per cent., contained in the compressed coal blocks used by him, as well as to the nature of the volatile matters. The volume of gas obtained per ton of the compressed fuel at these works was some 7620 feet.

A metallic telegraph pole has been adopted by the Canadian Government for its telegraph lines on the Northwestern prairies. The pole is constructed of malleable galvanized iron, and 1⅞ inches in diameter at the top and 2½ inches in diameter at the bottom and weighs less than 50 pounds. The bottom of the pole is set into a clawplate, upon which the earth is closely packed to a height of about two feet. Then another plate is put into place around the pole, and the earth is packed upon it to the level of the ground. The claw plates take a hold in the ground at once, so that the pole becomes solidly fixed immediately after being set, which desideratum is only obtained by the ordinary wooden pole after it has been in the ground for at least a year. A recent test is said to have shown the great strength of the pole, as a heavy, No. 6 Government wire was strung, and the poles subjected to the greatest possible strain, but without moving them in the least.

The Popular Science News asserts that the average length of life is constantly increasing, and the time may yet come when persons a hundred years old will excite no more curiosity than one of eighty years at the present time.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should enclose 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

We are only really alive when we enjoy the good will of others.

The Brand on Cain

was not more fearful than are the marks of skin diseases and yet Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain cure for all of them. Blotches, pimples, eruptions, pustules, scaly incrustations, lumps, inflamed patches, salt-rheum, tetter, boils, carbuncles, ulcers, old sores, are by its use healed quickly and permanently.

The heart is like heaven; the more angels, the more room.

If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

Read not books alone, but men; and be careful to read thyself.

Physicians indorse Hall's Hair Renewer. Its use is always attended with good results.

For throat and lung troubles, the most reliable remedy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

To Mr. Willis, the well-known British student and operator in photography, is due the success achieved in the art of photochemical printing in metallic platinum, succeeding not only in employing platinum in its metallic state as a pigment, but in obtaining permanent and practical results by a method in which the particles of pigments forming the pictures are imbedded in and entangled among the fibre of the paper on which they are printed, not depending for their adhesion on the use of any sizing material. Paper is coated with a mixture of aqueous solutions of ferric oxalate and potassic chloro-platinate, then dried, and exposed to light under a negative. After it has had a sufficent exposure it is floated on a hot aqueous solution containing potassic oxalate and a salt of platinum. This solution instantly develops the picture, which is then washed in one or two solutions, to remove the chemical salts adhering to the paper.

Comparative tests of the granites of New England and Minnesota, instituted by Professor Winchell, with a view to determine their crushing strength, exhibit some surprising differences. The pieces employed for this purpose were two-inch cubes unpolished, and, crushed between wooden cushions, the average strength of twenty specimens of Minnesota granite was found to be 93,272 pounds, or 23,318 pounds per square inch; crushed between steel plates, the average strength was 104,800 pounds, or 26,200 pounds to the square inch of surface. The average obtained for the same number of specimens of New England granite was 59,785 pounds, or 14,756 pounds per square inch. The age of Minnesota granites is archæan; that of New England granites is not definitely known.

Muller has given the composition of an ink which can be used with an ordinary pen for etching on glass. It consists of hydrochloric acid, ammonium fluoride and oxalic acid thickened with barium sulphate. He has also proposed a better substitute made in this way: Equal parts of the double hydrogen ammonium fluoride and dried precipitated barium sulphate are ground together in a porcelain mortar. The mixture is then treated in a platinum, lead or gutta percha dish with fuming hydrofluoric acid until the acid ceases to react.

I HAVE BEEN a severe sufferer from Catarrh for the past fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. Gradually the disease worked down upon my lungs. About a year and a half ago, I commenced using Ely's Cream Balm, with most gratifying results, and am to day apparently cured.—Z. C. Warren Rutland, Vt.

The credit that is got by a lie lasts only till the truth comes out.

If you need a perfect tonic or a blood purifier, take Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic. It speedily cures all troubles of the stomach, kidneys and liver. Can be taken by the most delicate. Price 50 cents.

Keep aloof from sadness, for sadness is the sickness of the soul.

Catarrh Cured

Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, as it purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

"I suffered with catarrh 15 years. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and now I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. LILLIS, Chicago, Ill.

"I suffered with catarrh six or eight years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and was greatly improved." M. A. ABERY, Worcester, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

VINEGAR BITTERS

Vinegar Bitters, a purgative and tonic, purifies the blood, strengthens the liver and kidneys, and will restore health, however lost.

Vinegar Bitters is the best remedy discovered for promoting digestion, curing headache and increasing the vital powers.

Vinegar Bitters assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Vinegar Bitters is the great disease preventer, and stands at the head of all family remedies. No house should ever be without it.

Vinegar Bitters cures Malarial, Bilious and other fevers, diseases of the Heart, Liver and Kidneys, and a hundred other painful disorders.

Send for either of our valuable reference books for ladies, for farmers, for merchants, our Medical Treatise on Diseases, or our Catechism on Intemperance and Tobacco, which last should be in the hands of every child and youth in the country.

Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fees.

R.H. McDONALD Drug Co., 532 Washington St., N.Y.

Scrofula of Lungs.

I am now 40 years old, and have suffered for the last fifteen years with a lung trouble. I have spent thousands of dollars to arrest the march of this disease; but temporary relief was all that I obtained. I was unfit for any manual labor for several years. A friend strongly recommended the use of Swift's specific (S. S. S.), claiming that he himself had been greatly benefitted by its use in some lung troubles. I resolved to try it. The results are remarkable. My cough has left me, my strength has returned, and I weigh sixty pounds more than I ever did in my life. It has been three years since I stopped the use of the medicine, but I have had no return of the disease, and there are no pains or weakness felt in my lungs. I do the hardest kind of work. T. J. HOLT. Montgomery, Ala., June 25, 1881.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 157 W. 23d St., N. Y.

Telegraphy Learn here and earn good pay. Situations furnished. Write VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

The Old Doctor NERVOUS DEBILITY MALE or FEMALE WEAKNESS AND DECAY.

A life experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial packages. Send Stamp for sealed particulars. Address, Dr. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.

FREE A book worth $25, on Courtship, sent free by the Union Pub. Co., Newark, N.J. Send stamps for post'g. **LOVE**

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

Palma' Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

RED STAR TRADE MARK. COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. **25 Cts.**

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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THE GREAT **GERMAN REMEDY**

For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ALLEN'S

25 CENTS for Cough

25 CENTS for Croup

LUNG BALSAM

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

Cough or Croup REMEDY.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.

It Contains no Opium in Any Form.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM in Three Size Bottles. Price 25 Cents, 50 Cents and $1 Per Bottle. The 25-Cent Bottles are put up for the accommodation of all who desire simply a Cough or Croup Remedy. Those desiring a remedy for CONSUMPTION or any LUNG DISEASE should secure the large $1 bottles.

Price, 25c., 50c. and $1 per Bottle.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN:

You are allowed a *free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of *Nervous Debility*, loss of *Vitality* and *Manhood*, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor, and Manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope mailed free, by addressing VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English," and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2810 Madison Square, Phila., Pa.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

BAUGH'S TRADE MARK **$25 PHOSPHATE**

Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. We are selling Baugh's Strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bones, at very Low Prices. It would surprise farmers to know how low they can procure these brands direct from us. Send your name and address, and we will mail you our Phosphate Guide. BAUGH & SONS, 20 So. Del. Ave. Philada., Pa.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER

for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fits patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

WORMS in the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

Blair's Pills Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER

Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

5 458

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. E. Mayer, the successful specialist. Fee at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 931 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; at 219 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M. Sundays

MORPHINE Chloral and Opium Habits EASILY CURED; ADVICE FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wisconsin.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses Manes. Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be Slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $12 per Month and Expenses. Expenses in advance. Canvassing outfit FREE! Particulars free. Standard Silver-ware Co. Boston, Mass.

PENSIONS INCREASED Write L. Bingham, Washington, D.C.

MITCHELL'S PERFORATED BELLADONNA PLASTERS cure all Aches and Pains. Sure Remedy for that tired spot between the shoulders. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., FEB. 17, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

YOU CAN FIND US WITH A

Assorted Stock

THAN EVER IN OUR ELEGANT NEW ROOMS IN

Merchants' Place, Bellefonte.

D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——All the best cough drops in the market at Murray's drug store. tf

——The Evangelical conference meets at Millheim beginning of next month.

——German Canary Birds, all comparatively cheap at Murrays Drug Store.

——J. Hale Ross, merchant at Linden Hall, favored the "Reporter" with a call.

——Harry Shafer, the obliging landlord at Spring Mills, gave the "Reporter" a call.

——The Houtzdale miners have decided to strike for an advance of ten per cent.

——Mr. M. Shires intends teaching a select school in Centre Hall the coming summer.

——The United Br. charge intend erecting a parsonage in Millheim, the coming summer.

— Mr. David Shafer, of Haines, will quit farming and move to Madisonburg, next spring. He makes sale Feb. 18.

——The Collins Brothers have purchased the extensive iron ore lease and fixtures in College twp. from the Nittany ore company.

——The Good Templar organization has purchased a handsome carpet for their hall, which makes their place of meeting a pleasant one. The order is increasing.

——The Lock Haven Democrat says Robert Holmes, merchant at Nittany Hall, will leave in the spring and locate in Centre Hall, where he will engage in the mercantile business.

——Mr. Thomas McCoy, of Potters Mills, saw the first stage coach that crossed the 7 Mts. with the mail, and the last one. He next expects to see the U. S. mail carried in a pocket handkerchief to Potters Bank.

——The Central Pennsylvania Conference of the Evangelical Association will convene at Millheim on Monday, March 4. Bishop Thomas Bowman, of Allentown, will preside. The Conference numbers about 100 ministers.

——General Beaver, Hon. Louis E. Atkinson, General H. H. Bingham and Hon. W. H. Snoden were dumped in the mud by the upsetting of an omnibus at the Hancock funeral on Saturday, in Philadelphia. They were not hurt.

——The new Regulator Cook, sold by J. Kyle McFarlane & Co., Bellefonte, regulates everything in the kitchen of a well regulated home. It is the strongest stove made; has double plates under the fire thereby heating the oven evenly. It is warranted to bake or money refunded.

——A former citizen of Penn township, Mr. Martin Driblebis, died on Monday morning, 8, at his home in Clarion twp., Green county, Wis., where he had lived some 15 years, since going west from Centre county. The wife of deceased died about six years ago.

——A. M. Kennedy, foreman of the mechanic arts shop, at State College, had four fingers on of his hands cut off by the buzz saw, on last Wednesday, on the occasion of the opening of the buildings. He was showing the workings of the machine to visitors when his hand was caught.

——Mr. David Flory who had an arm mutilated some four weeks ago by having it caught in a threshing machine, at Jno. Hoy's, near Bellefonte, died from the effects of the injury on last Friday. The arm was amputated about a week previous to his death. He was buried at Centre Hall on Sunday.

——Miss Lydia Musser, who had her home with her brother Philip Musser, in Haines twp., died at the residence of John Kerstetter, in Penn, on Wednesday of last week. She had been at Mr. K's on a visit and becoming ill there, died a short time after being there. Her age was 66 years, 11 months, 22 days.

— Mr. Charles Wolf and wife, of Haines twp, have returned from a six weeks' trip to Michigan and Illinois, where they visited relatives. They found the Stovers, Richards, and other former Centre county folks, well and prosperous. Mr. Wolf reports grain fields looking fine in Ohio but not so promising in Illinois.

——We direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of McCormick Bro's, in another column of the REPORTER. These young men have opened a furniture store in Camp's old stand, and solicit a part of the public patronage. They are good and worthy men and will keep up with the times in that pertains to furniture and undertaking. They hail from an old and respected family and we bespeak for them a liberal support.

STATE COLLEGE,

DEPARTMENT OF MECHANIC ARTS.

A new department has been added to the State College, that of Mechanic Arts, in buildings erected for that purpose. The building is a substantial two-story frame, built of native yellow pine, and divided to accommodate the different shops, such as forge rooms, room for iron working, carpenter shop, etc. The formal opening of the building was set apart for last Wednesday afternoon. The Pine Hall band was present and furnished music for the occasion. The inauguration exercises took place in the college chapel, which was filled with invited guests and visitors from the neighborhood.

The exercises were opened by singing, followed by prayer by Rev. Lourie; after singing of another hymn, a portion of the 98th Psalm was read by the reverend gentleman aforesaid. The inauguration address was then delivered by Prof. Jno. Hamilton, which was full of interest and replete with practical suggestions applicable to the opening of this new department. The speaker recalled the old and imperfect apprentice system and comparing it with the new manner of learning mechanic arts. Prof. Hamilton's ideas were sound and practical and will be carried out hereafter at the College, where all students will have access to machinery, tools, the best of their kind, to acquire a knowledge in any of the mechanic arts.

Gen. Beaver followed, on behalf of the Executive Committee, and delivered the presentation address. The General ably and eloquently set forth the objects of this new and important feature in the instruction hereafter to be imparted at the College. He paid a glowing tribute to the mechanic arts, and in closing handed the keys to Dr. Atherton, president of the College. The General's address was listened to with marked attention by the audience.

Dr. Atherton was the next speaker. He referred to the act of congress from which sprang the agricultural college under the land grant act. He corrected some wrong impressions that existed as to the objects of the law, and showed that the College was being conducted in strict accordance with the provisions of the act. Dr. Atherton can say about as much in a few words as any speaker we ever heard—and there is always clear meaning in every sentence he utters, and he has done much to correct misrepresentations that have gone out respecting the college.

The institution was never in as flourishing condition as now, and to the untiring efforts, and ability of Dr. Atherton this success is mainly due.

After the addresses the crowd was invited to proceed to the mechanic arts building, and see the infancy of what in the no distant future will be a feature at the College of which every Pennsylvanian can feel proud for it will develop to proportions that will be a credit to the institution and the commonwealth.

——A lively tilt took place in the post-office on Monday morning, much to the amusement of the boys and other by-standers, between ye editor and J. F. Alexander, chairman of the Democratic Boro. Com. To the interferance of some "bigger" fellows it may be attributable that two funerals were not had. The difficulty arose from the action of the chairman in calling a meeting that formed a mixed local ticket, instead of a Democratic ticket while the Republicans around us stood up manfully for a ticket of their own and a square fight with the Democrats, altho' the Democrats are in the majority. This fact gave umbrage to ye editor and some other Democrats who think the organization should be maintained and sustained, and especially when the enemy is around and challenging the Democracy by making a strict party nomination. This was the cause of the hubbule.

——A very sudden death happened in the family of Wm. Heckman, living a short distance above Centre Hall. Mr. Heckman, at noon, on Saturday, was playing with a little son, aged 2 years and 8 months, just after dinner of which the child partook and was lively. There was an open cellar-way in the apartment, and the father told the little one not to go too close so as not to fall into the cellar. The little one playfully approached the open space and would go back, as though it to taunt the father. Having repeated this several times it retreated close to him, and with a faint cry dropped over dead. Death was caused by paralysis of the heart.

——An unexpected death took place, at Coburn, on Thursday of last week. Henry, only son of Andrew Stover, aged about 26 years, was found dead, at his father's, in one of the rooms. The young man had been to supper, and partook of it with usual appetite, and withdrew to an adjoining room, when presently a noise was heard as if from some one falling, and on entering the chamber, the young man was found lying on the floor dead.

——The Centre Hall Republicans feel good over their victory and some predicted last night they will carry the township next. So they will, if Democrats can be got to dicker, which has been a practice with some for a number of years; its effect is telling upon the county, the majorities having been cut down to near defeat already. When the Democracy loose the county, these fellows who bring it about will be found over among the Republicans for office, as a rewark for treachery.

——On the 14th instant, at Globe Mills, in Snyder county, while Mr. Wm. H. Ripka was at his barn attending to chores, leaving his children in the house, these took to playing with the fire, and the dress of his little daughter Lizzie took fire; hearing the cry, Mr. Ripka hastened to the house and grasping the little one ran to the spring and put out the fire. The body was severely burned, but there are now hopes for her recovery.

——The young man Catherman who recently robbed the mail at Lewisburg, was taken to Pittsburg for trial. He plead guilty and was sentenced to two years imprisonment in the Sunbury jail.

THE LOCAL ELECTIONS.

We give the officers elected in Potter and the borough below. In the North and South precincts the Republicans nominated straight tickets. The Democratic chairmen of those precincts did their duty and called meetings for nominating straight tickets, and the Democrats stood by their colors and elected their men all but one judge. In Centre Hall there was a failure to call a Democratic meeting and by the aid of four or five pretended Democrats a combination was formed to give the Republicans half the offices and defeat Democrats for the other half. The Republicans justly rejoice of their victory to the disgust of the sold-out Democrats. In the deal the Republicans were given most of the long-term offices. The officers elected are:

POTTER.

North Precinct.—Judge, And. Gregg—Inspectors J B Neff, J H Odenkirk.
Assessor, W W Royer—Ass't Assessors, J A Keller, Adam Krumrine.
Auditors, J J Arney 2 years, J G Danberman, 3 years—Town Clerk, J A Ott—Reg. Assessor, M M Condo—Overseers, Peter Hoffer—Supervisors, J G Sankey, J A Sweetwood—School Directors, L W Kimport, W C Farner—Tax Collector, E B Hosterman—Constable, Peter Smith.
South Precinct.—Judge of Election, G L Goodhart—Inspectors, Daniel Daup, Thomas Palmer.

CENTRE HALL BORO.

Chief Burgess, John Rishel.
Ass't Burgess, Adam Thomas, republican.
Council, for 2 years, D C Keller, J A Reesman, republican, B D Brisbin, republican; for one year, E G Van Pelt, D J Meyer, John Spangler.
Judge of Election, Daniel Flisher—Inspectors, S W Smith, Jas. Lohr.
Overseers, for 2 years, Emanuel Smith, republican; for 1 year, John Emerick.
School Directors, for 3 years, G W Hosterman, W A Jacobs, Republican; for 2 years, J D Murray, C D Runkle; for 1 year, J B Solt, W Shirk, republican.
Constable, Jos. Lutz.
Auditors, for 3 years, W B Mingle; for 2 years, W P Shoop, republican; for 1 year, H Boozer.
Assessor, J F Alexander.
Ass't Assessors, Wm. Wolf, Simon Harper.
Justice of the Peace, H D Van Pelt.
Tax Collector, M B Richards.

GREGG, S. P.

Constable, H Roush 30, J H Leitzell 58, R Kline 79, Peter Meese 11.
Inspector, J F Heckman 110, J I Condo 59.
School Directors, Sam'l Burrell 95, W H Bloom 119, J W Evans 118, S Ream 2 Sam'l Harter 3, Dan Ertle 2.
Supervisors, John A Murrick 132, J B Heckman 148, Wm. Yearick 59, James Haines 3.
Overseer, Fred Zettle 109, David Burrell 64, J C Condo 2.
Tax Collector, Emanuel Zettle 174.
Assessor, H M Cain 51, J P Heckman 73, Daniel Bartges 50.
Assistant Assessors, D Runkle 64, J B Ream 109, W M Allison 85, J S Hering 12, Ph. Shook 74.
Auditor, W. Pealer 127, C A Krape 53, J N Leitzell 41, H Mark 49, John Smith 3.
Town Clerk, Mtt. Geiss 63, David Barree 85.
Judge, G A Crawford 129, D A Runk 30.

MILLHEIM BORO.

Chief Burgess—W K Alexander 42, B O Deininger 38, J Spigelmyer, independent, 59.
Ass't Burgess—Sam'l Weiser, Jr., 97, P H Musser 38.
Overseer—Jonathan Harter 108, R R Hartman 31.
Tax Collector—F Knarr 93, W J Springer 42.
Assessor—J H Auman 95, J H B Hartman 42.
Ass't Assessor—D A Musser 71, W R Henny 91.
J Alter 79, J Gephart.
School Directors—A Walter 121, D L Zerbe 83, A A Frank 52, S G Guitellius 27.
Judge—W A Tobias 62, W L Bright 80.
Inspector—J W Lose 85, John Hall 55.
Council—H Feidler 105, A C Musser 81, D W Zeigler 30, J W Stam 56.
High Constable—C W Albright 33 Joe Keen 43, J W Adams 56.
Auditor—E J Brungard 81, Ellis Lose 57.
Justice of the Peace—J H Reifsnyder 106.
Constable—G W Harter 110.
Spigelmyer, independent, beat Alexander and Deininger for Chief Burgess. X

PENN TWP.

Collector—John Moyer.
Supervisors—D Nesse, J W Moyer.
School Directors—Wash. Sharp, A R Alexander, D E Gensyl, D L Rusteller, 2 yrs.
Overseer—W H Smith.
Assessor, A J Campbell—Ass't Assessors, And. Harter, J S Meyer.
Auditor—R T Vonada.
Constable—G B Geary.
Judge—W H Kreamer.
Inspectors—Alfred Storm, J C Snook.
Town Clerk—Felix—Brennighouse.

CATHERMAN'S HEARING.

He is Held Under $2,000 Bail for Stealing Registered Letters at Lewisburg.

Sunbury, Pa., Feb 11.—The adjourned hearing of Charles Catherman, the young man from Lewisburg, charged with robbing the mails, was called up by United States Commissioner J. H. McDevitt at 10 o'clock this morning. Charles S. Wolfe, the celebrated lawyer, of Union county, appeared for the defendant. In the first hearing, one week ago, Post-office Inspector J. M. Speece, of Erie, testified to his tracing and charging the prisoner with the crime and of his confession, and that he found over $100 on his person. J. W. Huges, of Harrisburg, who is Chief Clerk in the Railway Mail Service, was present at both hearings. Inspector Speese further testified to-day that there were 13 letters registered, tied in a bundle; that defendant confessed he had taken the mail bag under the freight depot where he cut it open with a knife, abstracted the bundle of registered letters, hid them there, and put the bag on the train. The loss was not discovered until the train reached Harrisburg. U. S. Commissioner McDevitt after the hearing decided to bind the prisoner over in default of $2,000 bail to appear for trial at the United States Court at Pittsburg, on 15th. The prisoner was then taken in charge by Deputy United States Marshal L. H. Martin, of Williamsport, who returned him to the prison here, from whence he will be taken to Pittsburg Saturday or Sunday night. The accused is youthful in appearance, smooth faced and not looking more than 18 or 19 years old. The defense will plead his first offense, his youth and previous good character. His relatives stand high in Lewisburg, some of them being the representative business men of the town. His father was present at the hearing and is quite a pleasant and mild-looking old gentleman. Mr. Speese says Catherman got $140 or $150 from the letters.

POTTER'S MILLS.

It is feared there will be trouble with the new school house to be erected at Egg Hill next summer. It seems the lease for the ground will run out as soon as the old house is removed.

The high water last week tore a large gap in Thompson's race above Mike Smith's house which caused the shingle mill to be idle for a few days.

A couple of men cutting logs near the Gregg twp. line, 2 miles distant from here, were heard singing here one calm morning last week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Shires has been very sick for several days.

The concert at Sprucetown on Saturday night, 20, promises to be a treat. Admission 25 cts. KINDLING.

As an article for the toilet Ayer's Hair Vigor stands unrivalled. It cleanses the scalp and preserves it from dandruff, cures itching and humors, restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, and promotes its growth.

"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

At the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. J. W. Tibbot, Thursday, Feb. 4, at 10 o'clock, by Rev. L. O. Mead, A. N. Runkle and Miss Tinnie A. Tibbot were united in the holy bands of matrimony.

This cunnibal event was announced through our columns two weeks ago. The original order of procedure was changed from 8:30 to 10 o'clock, when the invited guests to the number of 125 repaired to the residence of Mr. J. W. Tibbot, where the ceremony was to be performed. The rooms, so brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated, were never thrown open to a more brilliant assemblage, and everything seemed in perfect harmony and accord with the two loyal hearts soon to be united as one.

At the appointed time Mrs. M V. Sweesy, who presided at the piano, began playing the grand wedding march, and as the sweet strains of music sounded throughout the rooms, the first bridesmaid, Miss Maud Copeland, supported by R. L. Thompson, marched to the head of the parlor and occupied the positions assigned them. They were quickly followed by the second bridesmaid, Miss Jessie Tibbot, accompanied by Mr. W. F. Powers, and immediately behind them came the bride and groom. When all was in readiness, Rev. L. O. Mead read a very beautiful ceremony, admonished them by the law of God, by all the ties of human love, to be fathful and true, and pronounced them man and wife, which was followed by a short but very impressive prayer by Rev. A. J. Coe, of Topeka. Rev. Mead then introduced them to the guests as Mr. and Mrs. Runkle, and congratulations were in order. This was followed by an elegant repast. After this came some excellent music both vocal and instrumental.

The bride was beautifully attired in pearl colored silk, wearing beautiful boutonia of white carnation pinks, marshael neil roses and smilax. Bridesmaid Miss Copeland was dressed in white India mull trimmed richly with lace, and a blue satin bodice, wearing natural flowers of roses, smilax and cape jassimines. Miss Tibbot, second bridesmaid, was dressed in white India mull trimmed with lace, pink satin bodice, and also wore a bouquet of same natural flowers. The gentlemen were in full evening dress, cutaway coats, white kid gloves and buttonhole bouquets of natural flowers.

[The above is from the Halstead, Ks., Independent, 5th inst. Mr. Runkle was a former compositor in the REPORTER office, and a son of Judge Runkle, dec'd, of Potter. He is now in the drugg business in Halstead. The list of presents was large and valuable.—ED.]

COBURN ITEMS.

On Thursday evening about 7 o'clock, Henry, only son of Andrew Stover, died very suddenly. He had been complaining for about ten days, but was only confined to bed three or four days, complaining of pain on his lungs. Drs. Musser and Frank visited him about 4 p. m. and did not think the case serious, and Henry told his parents before they went home that he was better and had no pain. About 7 o'clock he was up and instantly after he laid down he died, without a moment's warning. Henry was a bright and intelligent young man of 29 years of age, and a member of the school board. His funeral was a very large one and took place on Sunday morning, Rev. Yearick officiating.

At present there is very little sickness in our village. Business is not very brisk. Roads are in bad condition. Markets—wheat 82 to 85, rye 55, corn 40 to 45, barley 50, oats 30.

It is rumored that Greninger is about selling his stock of goods and leasing his store room to a party from Watsontown. It is also rumored that Capt. Vanvalin has rented G. W. Stover's distillery, and intends running it after April 1. Wm. and Harry Whitmer have ordered machinery for the manufacture of hoops; they intend to operate at the lower end of Brush Valley. On Saturday there was quite a crowd here to select candidates for Tuesday's election. Prof. A. P. Auman is instructing a class in short hand. The school under Prof. Foreman is moving along all right again. The pay train passed through here Monday and makes the railroad men feel happy.

O. K.

——UNDERTAKING.—After April 1st, 1886, I will be well prepared to attend promptly to all the business of an undertaker. Patronage respectfully solicited.
tf LEVI MURRAY, Centre Hall.

——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

——Corn meal grists will be ground at the Centre Hall roller mill, Tuesday and Saturday of each week. tf

——Shoemakers—I can supply you with rubber cement for mending gum boots, etc.—J. D. Murray.

Furniture! Furniture!

M'CORMICK BROS.,

(Successors to W. R. Camp.)

CENTRE HALL, PENN'A,

Offer the finest and largest stock of

FURNITURE

ever brought to Centre Hall,

Prices to Suit the Times.

Come and examine

stock and learn prices.

We keep all furniture usually

— found in a —

FIRST CLASS FURNITURE STORE.

UNDERTAKING

A SPECIALTY.

COFFINS, CASKETS, SHROUDS,

BURIAL ROBES, &c.,

kept in stock.

Funerals Attended

With the Finest Hearse in the County
17janly

MARRIED.

On 7, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, J. M. Weaver, of Woodward, and Miss Fannie M. Bower, of Reberaburg.

Feb. 7, by same, in Aaronsburg, Jas. W. Smith and Miss Irene C. Reinhart, both of Haines twp.

On 4, by Rev. P. C. Weidemeyer, George W. Vonada and Miss Edith S. Smith, both of Gregg twp.

At the Lutheran parsonage Nittany, Pa., Feb. 4, by Rev. John Brubaker, Benjamin Kauffman to Miss Lizzie White, both of Zion, Pa.

Sale March 10.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, 1½ miles east of Tusseyville, Wednesday, March 10, at 1 p. m.: 1 mare, 8 years old, heavy with colt; 1 horse, 5 yrs. old, 1 cow, calf, Chesterwhite sow, spring wagon, buggy, threshing machine and shaker, reaper combined, 2-horse cultivator, set tug harness, set single harness, hay fork and rope complete, one chopper machine, fat press, sausage stuffer, cook stove, coal stove, table, cupboard, lot of chairs, bed stead, and other articles.
JACOB R. LEE.

Sale March 19.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, ½ mile east of Boalsburg, Friday, March 19, at 1 p. m.: One bay mare with foal, one black horse, 2 cows, 5 shoats, 2 sets of tug harness, set single harness, set flynets, 2-horse wagon, 1-horse spring wagon, open buggy, sleigh, sled, hay rake, grain drill, 2 plows, harrow, hay fork and rope, cider mill, 20 acres of grain in the ground, 2 grain cradles, corn planter, dinner bell, riding saddle, fanning mill, bed stead, table, sink, forks, rakes, double trees, chains, lot bags, scoop shovel, set hay ladders, and many other articles.
Wm. Goheen, Auct. A. OSMAN.

SALE MARCH 24, one mile west of Pine Grove Mills, at 9 a. m., sharp. Horses, Mules, Cattle, Sheep, Farm Implements, and Household goods.
J. HALE ROSS.

Sale March 6.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Centre Hall, on Saturday March 6, at 12:30 p. m.: One horse, buggy and pole, 2 sets single harness, set plow gears, 2 pairs flynets, 2 heavy collars, grind stone, cutting box, shovels, hoes, picks, hods, forks, iron kettle, digging iron, chains, 4 wheelbarrows, 2 weil buckets, sled, string of bells, 3 halters, one heater, lot kindling wood, lot lumber, No. 8 cooking stove, coal stove, parlor suit, sink, 3 tables, 3 bed steads, ¼ dozen wood-seat chairs, ¼ doz. cane-seat chairs, 4 rocking chairs, lounge, brass kettle, dishes, &c.
HORACE ZERBY.

LOTS AT PRIVATE SALE.—Three several parcels of ground, at and near Potters Mills, willed by Joseph Carson, dec'd, to Mrs. M. E. Hutchenson, are offered at private sale. One lot, containing about 18 acres, known as the Wasson property, with a tenant house thereon; another lot, known as the Toner property, with a small dwelling thereon: the other a tract of mountain land, one mile south of Potters Mills. For further particulars apply to, WM. M. ALLISON,
10feb6t Potters Mills, Pa.,
Agent for Mrs. M. E. Hutchinson.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Wm. Kerr, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
G. L. GOODHART,
2feb6t O. A. KERR,
Executors, Centre Hill, Pa.

NOTICE.—We hereby give notice to all persons holding notes or bonds against Centre County, to present them at the Commissioners' office on the first day of April next. After that date the payment of interest will stop.
JOHN WOLF,
J. C. HENDRSON,
10feb3t A. J. GREIST.
Bellefonte, Feb. 3, 1886. Commissioners.

Sale March 3.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, about one mile east of Old Fort, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3: Two horses, 3 milch cows, 2 year old bull, 3 yearling calves, threshing machine, horse power and shaker, grain drill, fanning mill, cornplanter, cornplows, large cultivator, corn scrapers, cultivators, South Bend chilled plows, feed cutter, 2-horse wagon, new top buggy and pole, sleigh, 2-horse sled, log sled, hay fork, rope and pulley, log chain, breast chains, 12 cow chains, 20 feet of cable chain, butt chains, rakes, forks, scoop shovels, grain bags, grain cradle, mowing sythe, grindstone, 2 sets dung boards, 2 sets hay ladders, corn in the ear, topped corn fodder, horse gears, 2 sets harness, 4 sets cruppers, collars, bridles, riding saddle, team saddle, 2 fine driving nets, 5 sets heavy nets, scalding trough, chopper machine, meat bench, fat press, ½ bl. saurkraut, 2 bl. cider vinegar, 20 gal. soft soap, 36 gal. copper kettle, large iron kettle, wash boiler, plank field drag, hay rakes, 80 ft. 4½ in. leather belting, 40 ft. double ladder, with rope and pulley, 12 ft. ladder, crowbar, digging iron, 2½ in. post auger, 5 ft. cross-saw, buck saw, ¼ interest in power saw, bag cart, wheelbarrow, shoeing tools and box, 2 strings of sleigh bells, good hand corn sheller, roofing lath, boards, shingles, saurkraut knife, 400 lb. beam scales, canned fruit, household furniture, hatchaway stove, iron air-tight wood stove, beds and bedsteads, corner cupboard, sink with top cupboard, large bureau, 3 wash stands, flour stand with castors, chest, stove pipe, lounge, looking glass, extension and other tables, ¾ dozen caneseated chairs, arm chairs, queenswars, stoneware, tubs, meat vessels, barrels, washing machine, sewing machine, potatoes by the bushel, and other articles. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, sharp.
Wm. Goheen, Auct. MRS. E. C. GROVE

Sale March 4.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, 2½ miles east of CENTRE HALL, on Thursday, MARCH 4: Three good work horses, 6 milk cows, (2 fresh,) 2 two-year old bulls, five yearling bulls, 1 1-year-old heifer, four calves, all horn cattle are No. 1 shorthorn breed; one Yorkshire sow and pigs, six No. 1 shoats, broad-wheel wagon and box good as new, good two-horse wagon, Champion combined reaper with rake and dropper, good grain drill, good land-roller, Millheim cultivator, No. 1 hay rake, long sled, new log sled, carriage, good fanning mill, good set of hay ladders, 23 ft. long; 2 new South Bend plows, 2 Mollie Stark plows, Heckendorn plow, corn scraper, Centre Hall planter, double shovel plow, 2 good harrows, 2 1-horse cultivators, hay fork and pulleys, one harpoon, Lewisburg feed cutter, double and single trees, fifth chain, Lidey grain cradle, manure sled, wagon hoister, six good hand rakes, 2 three-tongue hay forks, 4 shaking forks, other forks, grubing hoe, shovel, emory grind stone, 2 buggy poles, pair double harness, pair new heavy breechbands, set of cruppers, 2 set of plow gears, collars, hames, check lines, 2 single lines, bridles, halters, 2 lead reins, 4 good nets, about 25 steer chains, collar chains, cross-cut saw, and many other articles. Sale to commence at 9 o'clock.
J. N. Leitzel, Auct. GEORGE DURST.

Sale March 2.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, one mile west of FARMERS MILLS, on Tuesday, MARCH 2: Four head of horses, 1 stallion 3 years old, 1 mare 3 years old, 1 horse 2 years old, 1 brood mare with colt 7 years old, 1 one year old colt, 1 spring colt, 3 cows, 1 bull two years old, 1 heifer 2 years old, 5 yearling calves, 10 head of sheep, 7 hogs, 4-horse wagon, 2-horse wagon, 2-horse spring wagon, hay rake, reaper, 2-horse cultivator, 2 1-horse cultivators, drill, Barsheer plow, Imperial plow, Bull plow, 2 shovel plows, grind stone, hay fork and rope, threshing machine, shaker and power, fanning mill, 2-horse sled, 2 pairs spreads, double and whipple trees, log chain, fifth chain, set tug harness, set front gears, set plow gears, 3 set flynets, collars, bridles, 2 pair bed steads, table, dinner bell, etc. Sale at 10 o'clock.
J. N. Leitzel, Auct. JACOB HOMAN.

Sale Feb. 25.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, ½ mile north of Tusseyville, on THURSDAY, FEB. 25: One bay mare, 7 years old; 1 King George colt; 4 cows (one fresh,) 1 bull, 1 calf, 4 Chester White shoats, one new Conkling wagon, new top buggy, new Buckeye grain drill, straw cutter, plow, harrow, cultivator, pair of hay-ladders, 1-horse sled, good grain cradle, double and single trees, set of cruppers, set of breech bands, single harness, collar and breast strap, set of fly-nets, collar and bridles, 2 hair-stuffed collars, checks and other lines, grain bags, ½ interest in Osborne mowing machine. Housebold Goods. Cook and room stoves, new ten-foot extension table, bedsteads, tables, chairs, meat vessels, 2 barrels vinegar, &c. Sale at 12 o'clock.
WM. GROSSMAN.

NEW COAL YARD.

A new coal yard has been opened in connection with the Centre Hall Roller Mill, where all kinds of soft and hard Coal will be sold at reduced prices for CASH or on grain account. 53m

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

White and red wheat, rye, shelled corn, oats and barley wanted at the Centre Hall Roller Mill—for which the highest market prices will be paid. Grain taken on storage. tf

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 15, 1886.

BUTTER.		
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		28
" Western "		22
EGGS.		
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates	23
" " "	bbls	22
Western, ex brands	crates	22
LIVE POULTRY.		
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	10
" mixed "	"	9
" Western, straight	"	8½
" " mixed	"	8
Roosters	"	6
Ducks, Spring	"	12
Turkeys	"	10
DRESSED POULTRY.		
Turkeys, extra, young	per lb	12
" poor to medium	"	9
" old toms	"	10
Spring Chickens, dry picked	"	10
" scalded	"	10
" Ducks	"	13
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.		
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb	8
" Fair to good	"	6 7
" Common stock	"	3 4½
Sheep, prime	"	4
Lambs, extra	"	6½
Live Cattle	"	5½
Hogs, live	"	5½
Pigs, live	"	4 5½
Dressed Pork	"	5 6
NUTS.		
Chestnuts, per bushel	$2 00	2 25
Shellbarks, do	45	50
Walnuts, do	45	50
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.		
Cabbage	per 100	$4 00
Apples, new	per bbl	1 75
Potatoes, Early Rose	per bus	65
" Burbanks, choice	"	70
" Mixed Lots	"	60
HAY AND STRAW.		
Timothy, choice	per ton	$18 50
" fair	" 12 00	16 00
Cut Hay	"	21 00
Rye Straw	"	20 00
Wheat Straw	"	11 00
Oat Straw	"	10 00
SEEDS.		
Timothy	per bu 1 90	2 00
Clover	per lb	9½ 10
Flax	per bu	1 40
CHEESE.		
N Y Factory, choice		10½
Ohio, fat, fine		10
DRIED FRUIT.		
Pitted Cherries	per lb	9 10
Raspberries	"	14
Blackberries	"	7½ 8
Dried Peaches, unpeeled	"	3½
do pared	"	10
Apples, ¼s	"	3
do sliced	"	4
BEANS.		
New Marrow	per bus	1 75
Old do	"	
Marrow Pea Bean	"	1 50
White Kidney Bean	"	1 90
Red do do	"	2 00
Green Peas	"	1 15
WOOL.		
Tub-Washed	per lb	32 35
Unwashed	"	22 24
FEATHERS.		
Choice Geese	per lb	50
Prime "	"	47 49
Chicken	"	4 7
Turkey, as to quality	"	7 6
Duck	"	25 30
HIDES.		
Hides, Dry	per lb	10 11
Calf, Salted	"	11 12
Hides, Green, Steer	"	5½ 6
" Cow	"	4 5
" Bull	"	4 4½
" Salted Steer	"	9 9½
" Cow	"	8
Sheep Skins, per piece		25 75
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	6¾ 7
Tallow, Solid	"	7
" Cake	"	5½
Honey in Comb	"	10 11
Country Soap	"	5 6

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuation

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Philadelphia, Feb'y 16.—Wheat was dull and ½ lower with 87 bid and 88½ asked for Feb; 88½ bid and 89½ asked for March. Corn was dull quiet and, with 47½ bid and 48¾ asked for February, Mar. and May. Oats were steady, with 39½ bid and 40¼ asked for Februay; 39¾ bid and 40¼ asked for Mar.

THE CATTLE MARKET.

Beef cattle—Extra 5¼a6¼ cents, good 4¾a5¼c, medium 3¾a4¼c, common 2¾a3¾c.

Sheep were in fair demand and firm. Extra 5¼a5½c, good 4¾a5¼c, common 3a3¾c.

Lambs, at 3¾a7c.

Hogs were inactive, at 6¼a6¾c.

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.

PRODUCE AT THE STORES.

Butter	16	Eggs	18
Ham	12	Sides	7
Shoulders	7	Potatoes	30
Lard	6		

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GRAIN MRKETS.

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, Red	$ 87	Oats	$ 30
Wheat, White	82	Rye	56
Corn, shelled	40	Barley, No. 1	60

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weight and prices.

COAL.

Egg	$ 4 50	Small Stove	$ 4 65
Broken	4 50	Pea	2 90
Lump	4 50	Soft	2 50
Chestnut	4 50		

FLOUR AND FEED.

Best Roller Flour	$ 1 40	Bran per ton	16 00
2d Best Roll'r Flour	1 15	Bran, retail, cwt.	90
Middlings per ton	18 00	Chop per ton	22 00
		" retail per cwt	1 30

Prices at J. D. Long & Son's,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Small Stove Coal	$ 4 30	White & mixed	$ 3
Chestnut	4 20	Butter	18
Egg	4 10	Eggs	20
Pea	2 65	Potatoes	30
Snow Shoe	2 50	Lard	6
Red Wheat	85	Pork	5
Beef	5c to 6c.		

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration de bonis non upon the estate of Daniel Fauber, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
2jan6t WM. WOLF, Adm'r,
Centre Hall, Pa.

Sale Feb. 27.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the late residence of Geo. Long, dec'd, near Farmers Mills, on Saturday, FEBRUARY 27, at 1 p. m.: Two horses, 2 cows, 1 heifer, 2 head of sheep, lot of harness, bob-sled, log sled, and chain, stove, bureau, table, 4 chairs, 2 bed steads, corn sheller, scalding trough, etc. BARBARA LONG,
Administratrix.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.
14may tf HENRY BOOMER.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 *Arch Street, Philadelphia.*

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still